NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874. | VOLUME XXII.—No. 15. Price Ten Cents.

SAVED! SAVED!

"The real hero of the Mill River disaster was the man who risked his life to save his mother-in-law. His name is Tilton, and some one should put him in a poem."—*Exchange.*

[We immortalize him in verse, by request.—ED. CLIP.

THAT HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Talk of your heroes, your men of old;
Knights of the field of the cloth of gold;
Your Bayards, with motto of "Sans reproche."
All of these are but a one-horse coach
To Tilton—sans malice, sans hate and flaw,
Immortalized saving his mother-in-law

Not Tilton the deathless—though "Tempest Tossed"
But Mill-river Tilton, his pathway crossed
By the perilous flood with its horrid roar,
Leaving its wrecks on either shore;
He looked to the right, and he looked to the left—
"Of wife and of children I may be bereft;
'Tis the saddest sight that my eyes e'er saw;
But heavens! I *must* save my mother in-law,"

Talk of your Sheridan, Paul Revere,
Of your Collins Graves in his wild career,
Thundering on in his maddening ride,
Sweeping before the foaming tide;
Back must they shrink, and in shame withdraw
From the man who has rescued his mother-in-law.

Give to your knight who may fall in the field,
With no shame on his front and an unstained shield,
The tears of loved ones that hover nigh,
And the Summer smile from the azure sky;
But give to this man, with no sword to sheath,
The poet's song and the martyr's wreath.

In the coming day when the deed grows old,
In the deathless strains be the story told;
Raise their statues twain, that they long may stand
As a bright example to every land;
For a man *may* give his life for a friend,
And even exult in the coming end;
But this—*this* man in his mate's pride.
For a very different cause had died,
It is such a sight as no land e'er saw:
It is Tilton—saving his mother-in-law.

GWENDA;
OR,
THE DOUBLE BONDAGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught—
The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
If we were things born not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

There was an unspeakable dignity and calmness in Lady Maud's look and tone as she replied to her brother's scornful questioning.

"Do I love him?" she said quickly. "It is scarcely a question of that, Bernard. I am his betrothed wife, betrothed by your own and my poor father's desire. If I obeyed your dictate then, I will obey my duty now," she added loftily, though her cheeks were white as ashes and her eyes had a sad trouble in their expression that spoke of the agony within.

Lord Brunton was perhaps more irritated at the implied reproach to himself than the resolve of his young sister to cling to her despised lover.

"Maud, you cannot be aware, you cannot comprehend all which is thus implied," he said impatiently. "If Saville is guilty of this miserable crime, it can but be on one account, only caused by one degrading feeling. My sister, you are too young and innocent to understand the full extent of your suitor's guilt. He must have been treacherous to you, as well as basely cruel to the unfortunate lady who has fallen his victim."

A painful scarlet dyed her white cheeks for a moment, and then left them more ghastly than before. But the light in her eyes did not blench, and the tone of her voice was bell-like in its defiant clearness, as she replied:

"I am not altogether so ignorant, Bernard. Woman's instinct would suffice to explain your meaning. But it will not make any difference in my resolve. I am the same in Heaven's sight and in my own as if the ceremony of marriage had been performed between us," she went on in a lower but still firm tone. "And as Lord Saville's betrothed wife no accusation can weigh with me till it has been proved—aye, and confessed by himself."

Lord Brunton stamped his foot impatiently.

"This is simply madness, Maud. However, thank Heaven, it is a madness which can be controlled. This miserable business is of course confined for the present to the place where the crime was committed. And," he went on, "as we shall take our course back to England as rapidly as circumstances will permit, you will be removed from any chance of contact with this guilty man till you have time to recover your senses and learn the truth."

Lady Maud drew herself up proudly from her brother's offered caress.

"No, Bernard; that is impossible. You will not bend me so easily to your will a second time," she said significantly. "What do you expect?" she went on impetuously. "Do you think that human feelings —especially women's hearts—are to be played with like balls? Do you suppose that you can urge me, against all maidenly instincts, to accept a man whom I have never seen, and to make a humble courtesy and thank him for an offer he had not even made? I did this at your earnest desire, Bernard, and to gratify at once your interest and your own anxious inclinations," she hurried on. "I yielded all, I overcame every reluctance to such a strange, unnatural courtship for your sake. But I will not play fast and loose, and violate at your bidding the bond you insisted on my accepting."

Lord Brunton looked sullenly abstracted. He could scarcely deny the justice of his young sister's argument, and yet he was annoyed and disappointed at the whole events of that sadday.

"At least we shall wait and see the issue of these events, Maudie," he returned. "There can be no haste in judging. Of course, in any case, your marriage would have to be deferred, like my own, in consequence of this terrible bereavement. Time will prove whether Lord Saville is guilty or not, and then we can discuss your course of action more calmly."

"That is, when his innocence is proved and he has gone through every possible misery, I will graciously consent to be his wife," returned the girl contemptuously. "That would be very noble, would it not? —quite worthy of a nobly-born lord. No, Bernard, I am not so base and mean. I shall stand by my lover as a true-hearted woman should, declare my belief in his innocence, comfort him in his grief, help him in the vindication of his character with every power I have."

"Stuff—nonsense, Maud! You will do as our mother and I desire," returned the young man angrily. "Your proper place is at her side, not in running after a guilty, treacherous, heartless suitor. Go to her at once, and try to recover your senses," he went on, in utter vexation, that he could not control.

Maud quietly inclined her head, and walked calmly and slowly from the room. But those who could read the expression of her features would hardly have considered they denoted submission. There was more depth of thought and concentrated will in her large eyes and compressed lips than of sad submission and broken-hearted helplessness.

Mrs. Fenton perhaps read it aright. And though she merely requested Lord Brunton to dispense with her further presence, when she retired it was not to join her charge and condole with her on the sudden bereavement that had delayed her brilliant prospects.

She went at once to her apartment and locked herself in its recesses for some half hour or more. Then she again left the hotel, and hastened along the crowded streets till she reached the dismal house of Jacques Rousseau. Her business was soon finished there, and she had returned to her usual duties and appeared in her usual dress almost before she was missed from the apartments that were devoted to her ward, herself, and the attendants whom she had brought from Fern Place. When she did at last enter Gwenda's rooms, however, she was certainly taken by surprise at the sight they presented. Trunks and bags and articles of female apparel scattered about the room were being inspected by Miss Loraine herself, and directions rapidly and clearly given to the maid Rose, who, in her turn, seemed almost bewildered by the variety of her young lady's orders as to the packing of her wardrobe.

"My dear child, what in the world is all this?" asked the chaperone eagerly.

"Only that I have decided we will go back instantly to Fern Place, Mrs. Fenton," answered the girl firmly. "Nay, do not argue the matter, please," she added, seeing that the lady's lips were parting ominously, with a reproachful denial hovering on her tongue. "I am in no mood for opposition, and it must be so, unless you would drive me mad."

There was a fever-spot on her cheek and a glitter in her eyes that did betoken some excitement in the young frame. And either from fear of dangerous consequences, or a real agreement with her wishes, Mrs. Fenton so far yielded the point as to promise her influence in carrying out the girl's wish, if it was possible without offense to the widowed Marchioness and the future bridegroom of the orphan heiress.

Sholto, Lord Saville, was actually committed for further examination on charge of murdering the unfortunate Countess de Fontane; and though as yet he was not subjected to more than necessary restraints of freedom, without any of the hardships or humiliations of imprisonment; though he was permitted to communicate with his friends, and the British ambassador had been apprised of the accusation against a British peer, in order to take the needful measures for his protection; yet there was much that was terrible and depressing in his position.

There were moments when he believed himself to have been the victim of a deep-laid plot, but he discarded the idea as too wild and improbable. Then the depression of his spirits was even more fearful than when he could shift the blame from himself on to others.

"Was he not in truth Laura de Fontane's murderer?" he asked himself again and again. "Had he left her in peace, in the calm safety that she might have enjoyed, even though happiness might not have been her portion, she would perhaps have lived on in honor and luxury, and as the acknowledged queen of the little circle in which she moved. Now she lay in a foreign grave, with curious eyes to search out the truth, and tongues and ears to spread and catch each rumor as to her death. And he who professed to love her was the cause of her fate, even though innocent of the actual crime of which he was accused."

Such were the miserable thoughts that weighed on the unfortunate Sholto's mind, fevering his brain, and banishing sleep from his pillow, till his haggard looks betrayed the agony which tortured his soul.

He had just turned away from a scarcely-tasted breakfast on the third morning after he had been brought to Paris, for the superior courts to examine his case, when the door of his sitting-room gently opened, with a noiseless, hesitating hand, that did not attract his attention in the preoccupation of his mind, except as a visit from his attendant to remove the breakfast meal. He hated the suspense, his merciful enmity and intended consolations, and therefore turned his face from the door, and appeared to occupy himself with a book during the man's presumed errand.

There was, however, an unusual stillness in the room, which belied the idea; for Tremers was by no means gentle in his movements while performing his duties as waiter to his prisoner. And Sholto was about to look round in inquiring surprise at the unusual phenomenon when a voice at last sounded which made him start as if a gun had exploded, instead of the silver tones of a woman's voice, in his ear.

"Lord Saville," it said, "will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

Sholto sprang round. He could not believe in his sense of hearing, albeit it could hardly deceive him in such a case.

He gazed on the female figure that stood there before him as though the veil was still hanging over the face. He could distinguish the features of Lady Maud Dorrington. There was an involuntary recoil as he perceived her, which sent a pang to the girl's heart. It perhaps did some service by exciting her pride to aid the bold enterprise she had undertaken. And his first words were certainly not calculated to soften the effect of his first combination, and he repudiated it as such.

"Lady Maud, I dare say this is kindly meant, but it is madness, simple madness!" he exclaimed. "Let me beg you to leave me, before the rashness is discovered."

And he made a step or two towards the door as if to open it for her exit. But the girl waved him back with a graceful but somewhat haughty gesture.

"Excuse me, my lord; I did not come hither without consideration, and I must beg you to tolerate my presence until my errand is fulfilled," she said calmly.

Lord Saville chafed under the dignified composure of her reproof. It annoyed him to feel in the slightest degree under obligation to one he had deeply injured, though he resolutely chose to ignore the amount of the insult he had offered to his betrothed bride.

"She only accepted me from mercenary motives," he told himself, and thus quieted his restless conscience.

"Perhaps you will honor me by taking a seat," he said coldly, placing a chair for her as he spoke, though he remained standing near the mantlepiece, his arms resting on its support.

Maud accepted the courtesy. Perhaps her limbs were too tremulous for her to refuse. There was silence for a few moments, which Sholto seemed determined not to break.

"Lord Saville," began Maud, at last, "you are accused of dreadful crimes. I will not insult you by asking if you are innocent."

He rather started at the last words.

"Do you doubt my guilt, then?" he said bitterly. "I suppose the rumor has only reached you partially, or you would not have been here to-day. Is it to receive my confession that you came, Lady Maud?"

She pressed her lips together for an instant. Perhaps a woman's resentment or a woman's weakness strove for mastery at that instant. But she bravely resisted the impulse to vent her excited feelings, that swelled every nerve and pulse to bursting. Her reply was spoken with a cold yet gentle dignity when it came at length:

"Lord Saville, I neither pretend nor do I wish to know the full extent of the accusation, but I know quite enough to feel your danger is great, and, were it true, your guilt would be terrible. That is enough for me."

"And was it that which brought you here? Do you wish to inform me of my peril, lest I were too easy in my mind?" he said sarcastically.

It was ungrateful and unmanly, and as the words were spoken he knew it to be so. But his brain was fevered and his latent remorse stirred up by the very forbearance of his companion.

"You know I could not be so foolish or so unfeeling," she returned, with a forced composure. "I tell you also, Lord Saville, that I know perfectly well that you did not enter into your engagement with me from any feeling of affection. But I had rather ignore all that, if I can. I had rather not even suspect that you were doubly wrong, that you committed a double perfidy n the object of your choice," she went on hurriedly.

"And if I confessed it, would that be enough to conclude the fruitless interview?" he asked sharply.

"Would it put an end to what is no doubt kindly meant on your part, or else a mistaken duty to the man you intended to marry?"

Maud's lips quivered—her white features worked with agitation, and her eyes inquired of his, with a strange trouble, whether the words spoke truth or no.

"No," he said. "It would not change my purpose, Lord Saville. From the moment that I promised to be your wife I in heart and soul took upon me those duties, and, whatever you have done, I will not desert you so long as I can give one feeble hand to help, one voice to soothe you in your strait."

He looked quickly at her as she spoke. There was an expression of incredulous surprise in his face, rather than relenting tenderness or even gratitude for her devotion.

"You are very good—too good," he said more gently; "but it is only dragging yourself into misery to attempt what is simply impossible. All I ask is to be left in peace to endure my fate as I best may. It is no very unreasonable boon, I think, Lady Maud," he went on bitterly.

"Then you care not for life now? Perhaps it is the same in my case," she wailed sadly. "All are gone whom I most loved, and who loved me."

He looked at her with more gentle sympathy than his face had yet expressed.

"I do not comprehend you, Lady Maud. Surely there are many still left who are far more dear and valuable to you than a suitor whom you have scarcely seen—your father, and —"

She gave a loud cry of anguish.

"Hush—hush!" she said sharply; "do not insult me by speaking of the dead."

"Dead! are you serious? No—no, it is impossible. Lord Brunton was in health only a brief fortnight since!" he exclaimed.

"He is gone—dead—lost to us," she said, in a heartrending tone of sadness. "And Bernard is devoted to his bride. I have but my mother and you now."

"Me!" he said sadly; "me, my poor, poor girl. It is but mockery to speak of one who has never been to you save as a cold, icy shadow, and who is lost to all the world in disgrace and misery forever."

"No, no!" exclaimed Maud passionately, the full tide of her feelings bursting—irrepressibly forth at the touch of even that faint semblance of regard and tenderness. "At least I have the comfort of loving some one, giving myself up to someone, saving someone from death and horror. Is not that enough to avert insanity from one's brain, desolation from one's heart?"

He must have been more or less than man who could have resisted or misinterpreted that look and tone. It was so bright, so passionate in its eagerness, so enthusiastic in its every word, that deception and falsehood could not have assumed such a shape. Could it be that she loved him? The very fancy was madness in his combination, and he repudiated it as such.

"I thank you from my heart," he said, "dear Lady Maud; yes, and feel for you to the quick. I would that I could do aught else to help you," he went on with a genuine kindness in his manner, which softened yet more the overtasked nerves of the poor girl. She burst into a flood of tears.

Not the weak weeping of a woman who gives way to tears at every moment, not the sobbing of a passionate child that will flood away the sorrow in the watery vent, but the constrained, irresistible yielding to a deep but nobly-born grief which gains for the moment a mastery over the sufferer. Lord Saville knew this, and he strove with a quiet, unobtrusive sympathy to heal the wound and dry the sluices that had overflowed so suddenly.

"Maud, my poor, noble girl," he whispered, "calm yourself. Forgive me. I misunderstood you. I was cruel, wicked, inhuman, but I am very wretched, and you galled the wound you wished to heal."

"Did you think that I say did I vex you? I did not wish it. I only came to help, to deliver you if I could. I would do all that woman can, and that has not been little sometimes in the story of men's deeds. I am of no coward or ignoble race," she added, with a pride that seemed to dry her tears like a hot fever.

Lord Saville felt his whole soul yearning for the refreshing sympathy of that true young heart. Perhaps it was only as a friend, a sister, that he would have sought and accepted her affection, yet still he felt its power and its value. His passion for Laura de Fontane was still in its pristine strength and vigor, even though she was parted with the dead. But at least he could not but feel that one barrier to any sympathy between him and Maud was removed. He could no longer look on her as the hated obstacle between him and his love. He could no longer name his engagement to her as the tie which made thoughts of Laura sin, and friendship and close intercourse impossible and dangerous. And already the softening influence of that consciousness was melting away some of the old hard prejudices and hatred.

"I wish—oh, how I wish that it had been different that I had known you sooner, and that you could have loved me, Maud," he said, as it is such love would but be torture, destruction for you and for all."

A beautiful blush warmed the cheeks of the fair young girl. Her eyes were downcast, the long lashes shading the speaking orbs like a curtain. Her lips were parted as if to utter some word that yet they refused to pronounce. Sholto watched her eagerly, sadly. The idea presented to him by the whole aspect of the beautiful betrothed was one that a few hours before he would have scorned and reprobated. But now, when the proud spirit of the high-born and, as he had believed, heartless girl seemed bowed and softened and gushing out in a pleading sympathy to his own, if he did not love, if he would still shrink from marrying one he had been compelled to woo, yet he panted for the cooling, healing draught of woman's affection and interest and devotion.

"Maud," he said impetuously, "there has been enough misconception between us already: let us understand each other at last. Do you mean, would you confess, that you could have—loved—me?" he exclaimed passionately.

"Lord Saville, are you justified in asking? Ought I to answer such a question?" she answered, shrinking away from his touch, from the gaze that was bent on her. It was a natural and womanly pride, and in his inmost heart he knew it. Yet with the unreasonable selfishness of man's nature he half resented the evasion under such circumstances, though he might perhaps equally have blamed a more frank avowal. But Maud suddenly started from the dream in which she also had been stupefied.

"This is but waste of time," she said. "I came for far more serious purposes. Lord Saville, the precious minutes are passing fast. If you have any regard, any rearrets on my account, listen to me patiently, or you will drive me frantic with the misery that everywhere surrounds me."

And she placed herself nearer him and began to speak in a rapid though low tone, while he listened with doubting and incredulous attention.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, could I weak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passion, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Hear, know, feel, and be breathless, into one word,
I would speak; but as it is, I die unheard.

Gwenda Loraine was again at Fern Place, again in her own home, where she could at least enjoy a sense of freedom and independence which was novel and delicious to her high spirit. She had only left it a brief month, and yet how changed she felt in that short interval. How current all appeared to her both in the outward surroundings and in her own inner heart. She had left it on the eve of becoming a bride, even though the tie was to be ratified in secrecy and silence. But not without the full consent of those most concerned, not with the guilty idea of a clandestine and blamable bridal.

No; it was but to secure her for his heir, to make her Viscountess Cranmore without any possibility of chance or change, that the deceased Marquis had arranged that abrupt and hidden ceremonial in a foreign land. And Gwenda had known this prospect when she quitted her fair home. She had expected that when that domain again welcomed her as its mistress it would have been as Lady Cranmore—not Gwenda Loraine. Would the dream be realized still? Would the coronet of a Marchioness bind her fair brow? Would the vows partially taken be at last fully ratified, and the ring that would be their pledge encircle the small finger that had actually felt its touch?

There was little wonder if the girl felt a timid doubt and tremor when she thought of the past and contemplated the future. Doubts and fears, all unnatural to one on the very threshold of young life, haunted her mind, and each day seemed rather to dull than confirm them from the mental vision. But at last some glorious sunshine came on the gray mist. A letter from her lover, full of vows and hopes and of impatient longing to see her again, and to clasp "his all but wife" to his heart, had come to reprove her doubts and distrust. And with a lighter heart than she had known since her return she prepared to take a walk in her domain, and perhaps somewhat beyond it, if tempted by the bracing Spring morning to prolong her walk. She bounded away like a child, racing with her splendid Newfoundland, who entered fully into the sport, till they came to an opening where such wild gambols would have been observed and ridiculed. Then she called back her faithful attendant to her side with a half-playful, half-earnest admonition which he really seemed to comprehend and appreciate.

"Yes, Bruin, my good fellow, we must be quiet and orderly now," she said gravely. "We shall be thought mad, and quite unfit for our position in life, you know. We are something to society, you see, my dog."

There was a sort of comical gravity in the dog's face that almost appeared to comprehend his young mistress' half-sportive, half-serious words. He came to her side and walked with dignified sobriety till they arrived at the gate which opened from the miniature park into the winding lane that led into the road to the neighboring village; then he began suddenly to growl and show symptoms of uneasiness, which were presently justified by the sound of rapid footsteps approaching the spot where they stood.

It was a man's step, quick and elastic, and Gwenda's heart beat quick at the thought that it might be her lover, who had hastened his return to fly to her side. The figure that had been hidden by the bend in the road appeared at last; though young and manly as the one she expected, it was not Bernard, but Gilbert Dorrington, who advanced quickly to greet her disappointed eyes. Perhaps no one less welcome could have presented himself to her view at that minute, when doubts and fears were already harassing her breast.

Gilbert was too much associated with the warnings he had delivered as to his cousin not to bring hateful memories to Lord Brunton's sister, as it was now known they bade fair to be tested, his appearance was like that of a petrel before the storm to her excited imaginings. It was impossible that he could mistake her manner—the look of annoyance, the unconscious recoil, the half-withheld hand, spoke more plainly than words that he was utterly and in all respects distasteful and unwelcome.

"Will you not even give me your hand, Gwenda, will you not grant me at least the common privilege of a future cousin?" he said bitterly.

She could not but comply, and extend the gloved fingers. There was an earnest, meaning clasp in his pressure of the small hand that again brought a resentful annoyance to her feelings. It seemed to her excited brain to denote a sympathy that she detested as well as him who offered it. How dare he convey either love or pity to the betrothed bride of the Marquis of Brunton?

"Yours is an unexpected visit; you must excuse me if I am somewhat taken by surprise, Mr. Dorrington," she said coldly, withdrawing her hand.

"And yet you might have imagined it was probable, after what has occurred in our family," he returned reproachfully. "It is but natural that the nephew of the late Marquis, and the next but one in present heirship to his title should be present at his funeral, and welcome home the new peer to his possessions. The king is dead. Long live the king," he added bitterly.

Gwenda gave a yet more impatient gesture at an announcement which implied her lover's arrival and yet a absence from her side.

"You are far beyond my poor intellect," she said coldly. "Such heraldic arrangements are not so familiar to me as to the nobly born—the possible heir to a peerage."

He gave her a reproachful glance.

"Gwenda, is this just, to say nothing of its kindness?" he answered sadly.

"Yes, it is," she replied impetuously. "I have nothing whatever to do with your plans or duties, Mr. Dorrington, and they certainly are not in any way connected with your visiting Fern Place. I do not receive calls from single gentlemen as yet," she continued haughtily.

"Yet, if you are, as I presume, the future bride of my cousin, it would be no desperate impropriety to receive a brief visit from a near relation," he answered with determined patience. "And I had an object in coming that will some day perhaps plead my pardon."

"Then perhaps you will at once inform me of it," she said quietly. "I shall be expected at home before long, and I scarcely wish to be observed with a comparative stranger. Do you think the Marchioness and Maud have arrived?" she went on hurriedly.

"Be frank, Gwenda, and say rather what is first in your heart. Say, is Bernard come?" he answered reproachfully. "That is natural, and for your truthful spirit more worthy than any subterfuge. However, to reply to a question rather implied than asked, Lady Brunton and Maud came two days since to the Hove. Bernard has scarcely been there so long a time, as he went to London to make final arrangements as to my uncle's funeral, and to see the lawyers as to what should be his next plans and actions."

Gwenda flushed instinctively.

"And you mean that Lord Brunton is now at home. Did he know that you were coming here—did he send any message?" she asked hurriedly.

"He has been for more than twenty-four hours at home. He did not know I was coming, so he could not make me his envoy," was the reply. "But yet, Gwenda, I do come in a manner as one who desires from my heart your happiness and—since it is involved in it—his honor."

"I do not understand you," she returned angrily. "Do you mean to cast a slur on your kinsman, Mr. Dorrington? If so, be so kind as to refrain from any such courses and leave me to myself. I ask for no aid and no interference from you. Perhaps, since that is the case, you will at once leave me," she continued coldly, turning away from his reproachful look.

"No," he said firmly, "not so, Miss Loraine—since I may hardly venture to call you Gwenda, as my heart prompts, and as the bond which may exist between us would warrant. I must fulfill the errand that has brought me here," he went on, "even at the cost of your displeasure, at the risk of your hatred, perhaps for life."

She was perhaps somewhat daunted now. There was a serious sadness in his tone and look that awed the more fretful and feverish resentment in her heart. It scarcely betokened mere jealous pique in its cold, calm earnestness, like ice covering a whole volcano of fire.

"I wish to believe you," she said doubtingly. "I would be sorry to think you, or any relative of Lord Brunton's, could be guilty of mean and base slanders. Still, as a man of honor, as one who professes to be my true, warm friend, you should scarcely destroy my peace and fling me into the very abyss of sorrow and fear and doubt, when I am bound to trust and obey and love," she went on pleadingly.

Was it fancy, or did a moisture actually spring into his eyes as he heard the soft and plaintive appeal? Gwenda did not perceive it. Her mind was too much engrossed by the fear which haunted her brain. Yet it was some minutes ere he dared trust his voice to reply, and when at last he spoke there was a tremulous uncertainty in the usually firm organ.

"Gwenda, you love Bernard," he said; "I know it but too well. I have watched its rise from the very day when you, a mere child, came to the Hove, and won the hearts that have ever since been yours. You know that I warned you of the danger you incurred long years since. I told you he was not one to endure all for a beloved one, to dare the hardships and scorn and smiles that might be lavished on his choice by a sndering, heartless world. You despised my warning, you went blindly into the snare. I repeat what I then said. There is danger at hand. He will be tried, severely tried in his faith and his truth to you, dear girl. I do not believe—no, I am confident he will not endure the test. I would not have you suddenly shocked, Gwenda; I would give you time to nerve yourself and prepare for the worst. Do not hate me for my earnest fear and anxiety on your behalf."

"Be so kind as to tell me the nature of this wonderful peril that is to be so severe a trial of my plighted lover's truth and honor, and I may perhaps be more inclined to believe and appreciate your kindness," she said, in a constrained tone, that ill-concealed the real agony of her suspense.

"Can you bear it if I say all that I dare without violating my solemn promise, I may almost say my oath?" he asked.

"Yes; anything but this torture," she said impatiently.

"Then it is soon explained thus far," he said. "There is a secret about your birth—a disgrace attached to your origin, which will ere long be revealed. Even now it is in two dangerous hands, Gwenda; one an enemy, and the other too true and loving a friend. I know that should your marriage take place as was originally but imprudently planned, the ruin of your happiness would be fearful. Bernard would never pardon it—never be loving and true more. Will you be here and dare the trial ere 'tis too late?" he added earnestly.

Her lips quivered painfully; they were white and cold as those of a sorrowing sufferer; they could scarcely obey her will in framing the words she desired to speak.

"Are you the friend?" she asked.

He shook his head sadly.

"No," he said. "No, not so, dear Gwenda. I would not have tried you so cruelly by my false zeal. Understand me," he went on more firmly, "since I have undertaken this miserable mission, and run all risks of destroying your peace and your good will to myself, I will try to place all clearly before you. And it stands thus: The friend to whom I allude desired and still desires to place your fate beyond possibility of change, and to hurry on your marriage ere the thing can be betrayed by unfriendly lips," he continued, his eyes fixed anxiously on hers as he spoke. "If you, too, desire it, and will hazard the result, it is enough. I will be silent as the grave, and, if it is more than possible, you may be Marchioness of Brunton without any chance of recall; and Bernard will be compelled, at any rate by law, to treat you in all respects as his wife."

"And if not," she asked hoarsely, "what then?"

"Then, unless some such agency is used, and the bridal left to take its natural course, after my uncle's death, and the consequent rentals of mourning, there is an all but certainty that the truth will be told, either by a friend or an enemy's tongue," he replied. "Whether Bernard can stand such a test—whether he will consider so bright a jewel worthy of the rich setting of his coronet—whether he will love you too well to risk your happiness and his own by relinquishing you for the sake of the world, Heaven only knows. Do you believe it, Gwenda? Think well ere you decide, for more than one life may hang on your decision."

A low wail as of a wounded deer escaped her. Her face was hidden, but her breast heaved as if it would burst. Gilbert almost quailed under the suffering he had inflicted, yet it might be that he believed it was but hastening the evil day and breaking the force of the blow ere it fell. At last she raised her head, and, though her face was white as ashes, the expression had a loftiness that he had never seen there before in its girlish features.

"Mr. Dorrington," she said calmly, "Heaven and your own heart alone can tell your motives and your truth in this revelation. But if it is as you declare, I do not hesitate. Let the whole truth be told to Lord Brunton by the friend to whom you allude, not waiting for the enemy's arts, and I will abide by his decision, whatever that may be."

TO BE CONTINUED.

STAGE SCENES.

Our engraving this week is a serio-comic conception of a dress rehearsal, accompanied by cartoons of other scenes in that fairy-land of grown children—behind the footlights. In the foreground our artist has given a realistic picture of a cosmopolitan orchestra, in which the ponderous beer-drinking Teuton is flanked by the musically-intellectual-looking Viennoise violinist, who is anxiously scanning his bow for notes, which the pretty prima donna is singing to the elaborately dressed conductor, while the tenor's face is contorted with jealous rage and a vain effort to ascend into the regions of the upper C. In the rear of the stage the ladies of the ballet are posturing in obedience to the gesticulations of the maitre, and to the accompaniment of the music of the busy stage-carpenter's hammer. At the wings the premieres are practicing—one with a sinister limb in rather close proximity to a stout gentleman; the tragedian, a belted knight with coat of mail and flowing plume, and the comedienne are instructing a very young lady apparently about to make her debut into the mimic world; and on the centre of the stage the manager and stage-manager are taking notes of the proceedings. The paint-room artists, amidst dirty pots and dingy canvas, are elaborating brilliant salons, sparkling fountains, baronial halls, shady woods, stately palaces or bosky mountains; and the short-skirted Psyche of the green-room, whose comely form may at night be endangered in the ascending trap, is captivating a gentleman whose make-up might indicate a familiarity with Fifth or Madison avenue. And the property-room, where repose plants and elephants, ghosts and gnomes, helmets and pikes, flowers and instruments of music, an exhaustless treasure of stage riches, the poison vial for fair Juliet with the dagger of Macbeth, is a wonderful repository of odd things, but which are very essential to the actor's art.

A DISMAL, DREARY DITTY.

A darkling mist hung over the land,
And covered the country round
With a drizzling rain as thick as sand—
Drip, drip! was the only sound.

For I had lain in the street that night
As the gloomy hours flew by,
Counting the drops by the dismal light
Of a lamp that stood me nigh.

A being came near me through the mist,
A shrouded and cloth-clad thing;
I heard him speak, but the words, I wist,
Came with a scornful ring.

For harshly they fell on the midnight air,
And made me tremble within.
The words I remember, for they were:
"Move on! or I'll take yer in!"

New York, June 27. OLD TWO-AND-SIX.

[MR. ED.—The above isn't original. I found it pinned to a post in front of the Tombs, and I send you a verbatim copy. O. T.-AND-S.]

BROBDINGNAGIAN SPECIMENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A recent number of THE CLIPPER gave quite an interesting account of several gigantic skeletons, belonging to the human race, which have from time to time been discovered in various quarters of the globe. Though, like Sir Hans Sloane, most modern philosophers are convinced that if such Brobdingnagian specimens were really discovered they were the remains of whales or other huge animals of the antediluvian period, there are no lack of believers, who base their argument on that verse in Genesis, which says: "There were giants in those days, which were of old mighty men and men of renown."

The navigators of three centuries ago seemed to have had a keen relish for the marvelous as regarded giants.

Melchion Nugez, in his "Letters from India," says the gates of the royal city of Pekin are guarded by soldiers fifteen feet in height. Nugez being an author of probity in other respects, such a wonderful story astonished everyone who perused his narrative, and yet he stated nothing but the truth. Subsequent investigation proved that the men were formed of pasteboard, and that their arms and legs were worked by secret springs; while at night, when their huge heads were lit up with lanterns, they were made to grin and squint in the most terrible manner. At that period the followers of Confucius believed that scaring an enemy was half of the battle; and when they thought there would be a very hard fight, they increased the size of their umbrellas and leather cannon.

Antonius Papasgeta, an early Portuguese navigator, relates that "in the Straits of Magellan the men are of enormous size;" but modern investigation has proved that Papasgeta was mistaken, for of thousands of Patagonians since measured, all have fallen several inches short of seven feet—a size scarcely worthy to be entitled enormous.

Harrold Hardrada and Rone of Normandy, according to chroniclers, were each seven feet tall; but it was their valorous deeds, rather than their height, that made them famous. Tarowing aside King Ogg, whose size we can imagine from the length of his bedstead (according to Moses, fifteen feet nine inches in length), we can find no real giant in history who has reached the size of nine feet, save John Hale of Middleton, who flourished in the reign of James I. Appended are several in the order of their height: "Murphy, an Irish giant, who died at Marseilles. He was a contemporary of O'Brien, another Irish giant. His stature was eight feet ten inches." Patrick Cotter, an Irish giant, died 1802; a cast of his head is preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons; height, eight feet seven and one-half inches. Goliath of Gath, champion of the Philistines (Jewish cubit, 16 inches); height, eight feet six inches. Loushkin, a Russian giant, and drum-major of the Imperial Guards, measured eight feet five inches. O'Brien, an Irish giant; his skeleton is preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons; height, eight feet four inches. In the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a human skeleton eight feet six inches in height. Biechart of Friedberg was eight feet three inches; his father and mother were both of great stature. Gilly, a Swede, was eight feet high. Bihin the Belgian giant measured eight feet. William Evans died 1802; height at death, eight feet. Maximus, Emperor of Rome; height, eight feet. Joachim Eleizegue the Spanish giant was seven feet ten inches in height.

The following cases have seemed too marvelous to be thoroughly credited by erudite historians. Eleazar the Jew, according to Josephus and Vitallius to Rome, was seven cubits high. Andronicas II, according to Nicetas, stood ten feet high. Nicetas asserts that he had himself seen him. Gabrs, says Pliny, was the tallest man seen in the days of Claudius. He was from Arabia, and measured nine feet and three-quarters. John Middleton, in the reign of James I, was above nine feet. Dr. Platt ("History of Staffordshire") says: "His hand was seventeen inches, his palm eight and a half inches broad, and his height nine feet three inches."

We do not blame anyone for believing the following specimens mythical. Ancebarcus, a giant in the army of Charlemagne: he stood nine feet in height, and mowed down whole regiments as a husbandman would a field. In the year 1?—, some peasants laboring in a field in the province of Languedoc discovered an iron coffin twenty-two feet in length, and which, when opened, disclosed the skeleton of a man who must have measured eighteen feet in height. Upon the coffin there was a silver plate which bore the inscription: "Here lies the noble and puissant lord Ricon de Vallemont and his bones." Several bones, supposed to belong to the human frame, were discovered at Lucerne in the year 1577. Dr. Platter judged from their size that, if they belonged to a human skeleton, the man must have stood 19feet high.

From Homer down to the age of chivalry, poets seem to have never tired in depicting the merits and demerits of the giants, mythical or otherwise. Colossal people are treated with wonder and admiration from Titan to Cormoran, and Tydeus's posthumous to the Colossus of Rhodes (126 feet in height, and one of the seven wonders of the ancient world) certainly towers over anything in the language for hyperbole:

"So near proud Rhodes across the raging flood,
Stupendious form, the vaunt of Grecian blood;
While at one look the thronging galleys ride,
A whole hour's sail scarce reached the farther side;
Betwixt his brazen thighs in loose array
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play."

SMITH'S NEW HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY D. A. CURTIS.

Just after I made that lucky hit in the clam business, which cleared me twenty-five hundred dollars, I noticed that Mrs. Smith began to roll and toss in her sleep in an unusual manner, and to be more thoughtful than usual by day. I said to myself: "This is merely wind. It cannot be critical danger. I will not notice it. It will pass by in a few days." It did not prove to be wholly wind, for one day she surprised me by saying that she wanted to move. Said I:

"My dear, I never deemed it wise to restrict your motions. As healthy a system of motion as I know of is that practiced at the wash-tub. Suppose you try that for a day or two."

"You are a brute!" said Mrs. Smith tenderly. "I mean I want to move into a larger house. You are doing well in business, and I think many Mrs. Jones, whose husband has only eight hundred a year, lives in a finer house than we do."

I told Mrs. Smith that Jones, although his salary was small, had more opportunities to make money than I, as he was the cashier of a flourishing restaurant. I explained that strikes in the clam trade were not of daily occurrence, and that I had only succeeded in balancing previous losses. But it was no use. She cried, and said she wanted to go live with her mother. Of course that fetched me, and I gave her permission to go house-hunting.

She hired a house into which we are to move on the 1st of May. The rent is $500 more than I now pay, and I have bound myself to do all the repairs, Mrs. Smith saying that the house was in perfect order. After signing the lease, I thought I would take a look at the house. I found that about $700 would have to be expended in plumbing and carpenter work. I explained this to Mrs. Smith, but she said the appearance of the house and its fashionable location made up for all that. I said nothing, as I have found that to be the smartest thing I can do when Mrs. Smith gets argumentative.

The next day, on my arrival home, I found an auctioneer's flag over the door, and a crowd in my house. Mrs. Smith explained this by saying she had found that the furniture and carpets would not do in the new house, and Mrs. Robinson said this was the best time to sell furniture at auction, so she thought she would have it over. That sale of about $1,500 worth of goods brought in $275. I explained to Mrs. Smith that there was now a balance of $75 remaining of the clam profits, and I thought she would find it difficult to furnish the new house elegantly for that sum.

Mrs. Smith immediately said I was a brute, and she would go live with her mother. That settled that. The next morning, early, I was aroused by a tremendous tinkling of the door-bell, and, arising, found a Sheriff's deputy with a warrant for my arrest. Max Magoffin, to whom I owed a little bill for groceries, had heard of the auction sale, and had made affidavit that he believed I was going to leave the State, and so he had procured the warrant. I was taken to Ludlow-street Jail, and had to pay the little bill—$18, and costs—$128. On arriving at

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail

TOPSY.—1. Yes; successive discharges of parks of artillery will cause rain to fall. 2. Such a pistol-shot is quite possible. 3. A pistol ball can be made to glance off at a tangent from certain surfaces, so as to hit a mark. 4. The gentleman is an excellent shot, but a great deal of nonsense has been published as to his exploits. 5. Billiards also comes in for a full share of published nonsense. When the ball "goes in and out among a row of tumblers," it is because the tumblers are so discreetly placed that the ball simply describes natural lines. Otherwise, there would be a clash. The other feats are commonplace.

A. W. W.—1. T. B. loses. "Renounce allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, State and sovereignity whatever, and particularly to Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Such is the form of the oath an English subject has to take. Although the obligation of citizenship amounts to that, yet he has not "to declare that he will uphold the honor and dignity of the United States, especially against Great Britain." 2. There is in this State no postoffice called either Kansas or Arkansas—at least, it is not down in our "Postoffice Directory."

S. M. R.—1. The time was the same, but Springlook made it in a heat race and Alarm in a dash race. 2. Any hit which prevents the fielder from having a chance either to catch the batsman out or to throw him out on the bases, is run out. 3. The real "baby hits" are the long high balls to the hands of the outfielders. 3. No, he is not; though a good batsman. Pearce and Spalding are the most skillful batsmen we have seen play this season. 4. Yale, apparently, has the strongest nine.

J. M. G., Brooklyn.—"A and B are playing cassino. A jack on board. B makes all spotted cards tens. A throws a jack on the one that lays on the board, without calling jacks. B still builds tens, and claims that A must take jacks, as it will enable him (B) to sweep. The question is, Must A take his jacks?".....No. Piling up cards amounts to nothing. They must be called, so that there can be no doubt as to the player's intention.

BERNHEIM.—Some people, and especially poets, call any ship of small size a vessel; among the English sailor is a broad-sterned vessel without a figure-head is a bark; but, strictly, a bark is a three-masted vessel minus a mizzen-mast, or whose mizzen-sail is fore-and-aft instead of being square, while a barkantine has her foremast rigged like that of a ship, and the others schooner-rigged without topsails.

POLICY, Providence.—1. John E. Simmons, for the killing of Nicholas W. Duryea, was first brought to trial on Feb. 9, 1874; on Feb. 17 he was convicted of manslaughter in the third degree; on Feb. 19, sentenced to State Prison for three years and a half, with hard labor; and on March 5 was conveyed to Sing Sing. 2. He was tried but once, to the best of our knowledge.

WATSON.—"On the table were the 10, 5, 3 and 2 spots. No. 1 played a 4 on 2 and made it 6. No. 2 passed it, and played an ace on 3, and made it a 4. Then No. 1 made it 10 by putting a deuce on it, calling it a six, and then putting it on the first pile. Then No. 2 put a 4 on the whole pile, and called it a 10. Now, could No. 2 make it a clear pool?".....No.

H. B.—1. Mrs. John Wood never acted at Wood's Museum in this city. 2. We do not know the salary of any player. 3. We do not compile statements of the earnings of professional performers. 4. We believe, about 1868. 5. He is a "blonde." 6. Judge Fullerton trotted a heat in 2:19 at Prospect Park, L. I., June 8, 1874. 7. It is not yet decided. 8. It is as considered. 9. Your handwriting is fair.

BLUE INK.—A had no right to withdraw a chip. All he could claim, if B would not see the bet by putting up enough to constitute a call, was the pot, the same as if B had shoved forward no chips at all. It is only when a player not having money enough to "see," claims a "sight," that the man who has "bragged" can draw down any of his money.

BROOME SPRINGS.—1. "Is a wide ball considered the same as a called ball?" 2. Suppose in a game the umpire has called two balls, the batsman hits the pitcher a foul tip. Ought the umpire to send the batsman to his base, or call one "wide"?.....1. No; it is distinct, a "wide" being out of the batsman's reach while a ball is within reach, but not over the base. 2. He should call one wide.

A. C. M., Corning.—A poker dice, a player can pick up any dice he may fancy for the next throw, not only the last throw. It is not usual to have more than two throws. When there are more, the game necessarily ceases to be poker dice, and there must be a special agreement as to picking up "the odds."

A READER, Boston.—1. Send to Shannon, Miller & Crane, as per their advertisement in this issue, for price list. 2. The Stadt Theatre in Hoboken has a large audience, auditorium, and the Bowery the largest stage. 3. Dave Reed, now of Bryant's Minstrels, we believe, was the first to do a song-and-dance in this country.

C. WEST, Vandalia.—"A man on first base, striker hits the ball and runs round to home base, leaving first man on third base. Is striker out, or does he count his run?".....His run does not count unless the first base runner touches home. He was out if the ball was held on a base before he returned to touch it in regular order.

C. H. S., Hoboken.—The rule would depend entirely upon the amount of labor required to be done. F. G. Maeder, J. J. McCloskey or Charles Gavier may undertake it. They can be addressed at this office. 2. Full fee for copyright is $1. Write to the Librarian of Congress, who will give you full instructions.

C. L. E., Stockton.—1. The 28th, 7in. throw is not matter of record. An experimental trial is not sufficient—there must be competition. 2. Weber Engine cannot impose any conditions by virtue of their being the challenged party. If the two companies cannot agree, arbitration must be resorted to. 3. It is a conditional acceptance only.

H. N. W.—1. We have not the particulars of the alleged race last week between the Albany hose-cart Drew and Rensselaer. Probably some one of our readers in the Beaverwyck region will acquaint you, through these columns, as to how it turned out, etc. 2. The J. B. Schuyler formerly ran on the Susquehanna.....Bridge, we think.

J. J. R., Cohoes.—1. Yes; there is such a cable, and has been since July, 1869. It runs from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, on the island of St. Lawrence, 3,325 miles, and thence to Duxbury, Mass., 722 miles. 2. There have been two or three fires that may be called "great" for Albany. Give us some idea of the one you mean.

C. H. W., Marion.—1. Yes; the omission of a baseball nine can change his pitcher at any stage of the game, provided he does not bring in any new man as such. 2. You win the pool. As to ball and bat, a ball that has had turned across the table it would have been a burst, it has no weight. Facts, and not suppositions, win at pinpool.

D. W. S., Schuylerville.—Your enquiry is so ambiguously worded that we hardly understand it. In order to count 30, a player must make 10 ten-strikes in succession, after which he is entitled only to roll his two spare balls, which, if also of the first class, will give him 300 points, the highest score that can be made.

SCOTCH HILL, Pittsburg.—James Hamill, ex-champion sculler of Scotland, and champion of Pittsburg, at Boston, Mass., 1862, 1863 and 1865. He won the scullers' race each time. He rowed Harry Kelley on the Tyne, Eng., July 4, 5, 1866.

BASEBALLIST, Maysville, Ky.—The party declining to play forfeited the game—nine to nothing. The umpire is the sole judge of fair and unfair play. The umpire, by continuing the game, decided the score to be 25 to 25, and the Manchesters should have played.

HUNKY DORY, Fall River.—1. In care of this office. 2. From 3 to 5 days per week, according to quality and reputation. 3. There is no one in this city who imports all the English songs. 4. August or September. 5. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. (See 3d.)

CHESTNUT CLUB, Philadelphia.—When a striker "makes" his base, it means that he gets it by his hit, or the failure to put him out. Of course he does not "make it" in the literal sense of the term, when it is "given" him on called balls or "wides."

THESIUS, Baltimore.—Boston Corbett, who shot John Wilkes Booth, is now living in Camden, Ill., where he is a hatter six days in the week, and a preacher in the Independent Methodist Church on the seventh.

R. W., Harrisburg.—You have called "six," and in mistake attempt to take it in with an eight-spot, your antagonist can "board the play," and make use of deuce, four or eight to suit his own hand.

S. W., Waterbury.—In that connection the word is properly used, an overture being a musical prologue for a full instrumental band. It refers only to that instrumental performance.

BOOTH, Brooklyn.—We have seen no really good umpiring at the hands of any professional this season, and the best umpires have seen is McLean of the Caravan Club of Philadelphia.

BASEBALL.—It depends upon circumstances. The baseplayer cannot prevent a base runner from reaching a base before the former holds the ball, but with ball in hand he has the right to touch him off the base as best he can.

W. H. W., Chicago.—That was an error, which was corrected and scored a base hit. 2. The best single sculling jump on record is 13ft. 5½in., by Ed. Scarles, made at Utica, N. Y. Scarles died several months ago.

M. H.—A player cannot build on two piles at one time; but he can have two builds on the table at one time, they having been made in two successive plays. If this is what is meant by the wager, A wins it.

A. H. E., Elkton, Md.—The best three-mile sculling times, turning race, are as follows: Amateur, 22:21½, by Geo. Englehart; professional, 22:27, by James Hamill. No record of scullers' times for the highways.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—1. 38 years of age. 2. About 20 years of age. 3. We cannot say at present. 4. He is. 5. About 20, and unmarried. 6. That will be made public in due time.

R. W. H., Detroit.—1. Yes; whiskey poker is a legitimate game, and is "in the books." 2. When B and C pass, and D raises the dummy, or widow is turned face up, and all the players save D are entitled to draw one card each.

F. K.—Buffalo Springs are in Mecklenburg County, Va., on the Virginia and North Carolina line, in the office of any of the roads, save the Erie and the Morris and Essex, running through New Jersey.

CONSTANT READER, San Francisco.—The enlistment is void, of course; but the courts have rendered conflicting decisions, especially where the minor has represented himself as having neither parents nor guardian, or as over age. Since the Constitution is the responsible party, the firing of fireworks in the streets on the Fourth of July; but there is a police ordinance against setting off chasers, double-headed serpents or torpedoes, etc.

T. B. J., Canton.—1. You can obtain them from Welcher, Newark, N. J., but they will have to be made to order. 2. There is no advantage in using them, but in making matches they are usually barred.

OPTIMUS, Chicago.—1. The value of straights varies in different localities. In your case, the rule of the house should have governed. 2. Both gentlemen played to beat two pair; but in some coteries they beat triplets.

J. H., St. Paul.—So one can deal and begin to play save as to training," etc. In all-fours, three-handed, while in a partner game only the dealer and the beggar can look at the cards before the trump is agreed upon.

J. M., Jr.—Send such cards.....You can obtain them, with a key to them, from parties who advertise in our sporting department.

CONSTANT READER, Toronto.—The latest official figures are those of the census taken in 1870, when St. Louis had a population of 310,864.

LAURIE.—1. K. Bailey won the special race, one mile, at the N. Y. Caledonian Club games in 1873. F. Marshall was second, J. Downie third. Can't give the time.

N. Y. EX. B. B. C.—An underhand throw—provided the hand at no time nearer perpendicular at the side of the body—is legal in the amateur as well as professional arena.

T. L., St. Louis.—What fresh information we receive concerning their movements will be found in our Miscellaneous Summary.

NOVICE, New Orleans.—A's play was first-class partner cassino. There is little difference in actual play between three-handed and partner games.

A. W., West Meriden.—The fastest time in which 440 yards has been run by a pedestrian is 48½ seconds, by Dick Buttery, at Newcastle, Eng., October 4, 1873.

R. W., Mitchell.—You can get lithographs of running and trotting horses, but we do not believe there are any photographs of horses in harness over two of them in the market.

DECLINER.—"I'm Sorry that I Married," "A Dream of Youth," "O, Where Will I Go?" "Good Old Hams," "I'm Longing to See Old Massa."

E. B., Paterson.—We should we hear of anything favorable, we will apprise you; but we do not believe that such an opening will offer.

J. C., "Camille" was then being performed, and Mc-Kee Rankin assumed the character of Armand Duval, instead of the person you name.

MR. D., Newark.—John R. Owens was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1823. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829.

CONSTANT, No; there is an amateur by that name who has acted occasionally on the regular stage with considerable success.

ALLASONT, Chicago.—Both are unmarried, and are engaged for so long a period as may be agreeable to all parties concerned.

W. AWAN.—1. The initiation fee to the N. Y. Caledonian Club is $5, and the annual dues, $3. 2. He must be a member.

BERNARD BLESSING, Toronto.—He won the money fairly, Sullivan being engaged in a fight with the seconds of his opponent, and failing to respond to the call of time.

WARREN HALL, Boston Highlands.—No, 4 is wrong. It is not necessary that all the balls should be pocketed before "pool" can be announced.

MANAGER, New Haven.—The theatres in San Francisco, Cal., generally keep open all the year. September may be considered the opening month of the Fall season.

TOM GREEN, Carbon.—Aces are the lowest number in throwing poker dice, and your statement that we last week decided differently is not correct.

J. D. B., Lancaster.—The underhand throw not allowed by the professional rules is when the arm is swung out from the side, instead of nearly perpendicular at the sides.

R. T., Rockville.—The Young America Club of Philadelphia defeated the Willows of Brooklyn in a match some years ago by over 300 in one inning.

J. KEYSOR.—The underhand throw in baseball pitching has been the practical rule since 1860, and it was legalized in 1871.

C. T., Fort Clark.—We know nothing reliable as to the salaries given professionals. Higham is at present the captain of the Mutual nine.

READER, St. Louis.—1. A is entitled to 5 points—2 for the pair; 2 for 15, and 1 for the last card. 2. A pair making 31 in stuss 4 points.

RIDGE AVENUE, Phila.—Dexter's best record is 2:17¼. As he did not win a heat in his race with Ethan Allen and running mate, he gained no record.

INQUIRER, Cheyenne.—Goldsmith Maid, Occident, Dexter, George Palmer, American Girl, Lucy and Judge Fullerton have all beaten From Dennis's best time of 2:19¾.

J. S. RYERSON, Yarmouth.—1. Either side, but it is customary to rig it on the starboard side. 2. It is optional—usually from right to left, however.

W. G. G.—We understand that pools will be sold this (Tuesday) evening on the Schaft-Brownrace at Johnson's, 28th street and Broadway.

G. B. H., Cleveland.—Write to A. Briggs, Rutgers slip, New York, but we doubt if they will give you the information, as the trade is confined to a few individuals.

THOS. N., Cincinnati.—We have tried, but could not obtain the information. Will endeavor to answer next week.

DUPLETH, Holyoke.—Unless it can be proven that fraud was practiced, the feat goes upon record, and bets are decided by it.

J. A. W., Coburg.—We do not want it. It appeared several years ago in a "School-reader," we have been informed.

A. O. J., Buffalo.—We cannot spare the space to impart the information desired.

MARTIN.—Albert W. Hicks was executed at Bedloe's Island July 30, 1860.

CORINTHIAN, Atlanta.—We think you might, though not just now, when everything is so dull.

J. F., Phila.—We thank you for the slip, but it would not be advisable to republish it at present.

H. F. SHAW.—The paper of that date, with the poem over your name, would strengthen your claim. Send it along.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Apply to the War Department for the information.

BROOKLYN BOY.—At cassino it is a sweep at any time when the trick lifts the last card from the board.

WORCESTER.—Goldsmith Maid and Occident have both the fastest trotting record—2:16¾.

W. G. B., Ottawa.—The fastest mile time at the recent Jerome Park meeting was 1:43¾, by Katie Pease.

MONOC, Phila.—Jay Gould and Goldsmith Maid never trotted against each other.

J. B. F.—Poughkeepsie.—It shall be returned as soon as used. It dates back among the early birds.

FLORENCE, Wheeling.—Send 12c., and we will mail you No. 11, prepaid. The other three are out of print.

C. W. C., Lowell.—We cannot supply you with any of those dates.

MRS. A. M. L., New Orleans.—He is traveling with John Wilson's Circus in California.

G. H., Atlantic City.—Some of the preparations are harmless, and some very injurious to the skin.

WIGWAM, Washington.—The two 44's are first and second choice. 42 is of no account.

THE TWELFTH-STREET MUFFERS.—Matthews pitched for the Mutuals in 1873, and Cummings for the Baltimore Club.

JAS. H. CURTIS, Richmond.—1. No. Tom Sayers never visited this country. 2. Live temperately in all things.

G. W. Z.—We believe he is still in the business, but has removed from New York to Williamsburg.

P. H. S.—Yes; the first to Mr. Power; the other to E. T. Stetson.

SUBSCRIBER, Brockville.—1. Dan Rice is living and performing with his own circus. 2. They are all sisters.

AMERICAN, Baltimore.—As we have no biography of the lady, cannot say.

LONGVIEW, Texas.—It's low, counting before A's jack-game and low-game, and wins the former out.

FIFTEENTH WARD, Pittsburg.—B cannot take "fives" with a ten.

A SUBSCRIBER.—He scores two points for the euchre. He had no right to go alone.

D. A. S., Rochester.—The mistake as to the deal cannot be rectified after the trump card is turned.

C. L., Toledo.—We shall make no appointment until the Fall season commences.

J. D. N., Brookfield.—No; Ben Hogan is proprietor of an opera-house in Petrolia, Pa.

MODOC, Southington.—Yes; the feat was accomplished twice previously.

W. D., Nashville.—Address letters to Chas. B. Elliott, George Rohr, John Blakey and Thos. Fearon, in our care.

ANXIOUS, Burlington.—Your friend's excuse is a ridiculous one, and he must pay.

W. J. F., Fruitport.—Dexter's best record is 2:17¼; Occident's, 2:16¾.

J. W., San Francisco.—We have no time to prepare such list.

B. W., St. Louis.—It takes one hour and forty minutes by express to go from New York to Long Branch.

R. J., Lemont.—S. loses his bet. The cards being played 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, the latter run in with the 3 stopping it.

C. H. R., Geneva.—As no record of the horse's weight is kept by his owner, we cannot answer your question.

YACHTS HOMO, Ottawa.—Judge Fullerton's best record is 2:19.

TREMONT STREET.—Several games of baseball have been played in one day this season.

BUTTE.—"Iel on parle Francais"—Here French is spoken—is pronounced esse ong parjai frang-sai.

VETERAN.—Charley White did perform at No. 257 Bowery. The establishment is called the "Opera."

J. F. C., Paris.—The two 45's win the mare and the cutter, and the 20 throw wins the harness and robe.

J. P. C., Lawrence.—There is no record of mule trotting.

CURIOUS LAD.—Flash in the Pan ran seven times in 1862, and won three races in them.

STONEMAN, Washington.—Business has been broken up.

FRANK, Rockport.—American Girl's best time is 2:17¼.

H. R., Baltimore.—We are not familiar with the play.

J. H. F.—B wins. The "original Flora Temple" lives.

H. S., Jersey City.—Send 12c., and we will mail you AMERICUS, Boston.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

GODFREY.—He never won the stakes in a prize fight.

H. G., Savannah.—The Clipper is now issued semi-monthly.

NED T., St. Louis.—We may find room for it shortly.

O. O. O., Griggsville.—We know nothing of him.

A. P., Pittsburg.—Accept our thanks for the bill.

NO. 736.—You can obtain them of any gunsmith.

T. A. T., Bedford, Pa.—The game stands good.

C. H. B., Boston.—He loses $5 and the boots.

J. A. G., Cleveland.—Address her in our care.

DUMAS PERE.—He has a right to publish it.

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DUMAS PERE.—He has a right to publish it.

R. W. H., Detroit.—1. Yes; whiskey poker is a legitimate game, and is "in the books." 2. When B and C pass, and D raises the dummy, or widow is turned face up, and all the players save D are entitled to draw one card each.

F. K.—Buffalo Springs are in Mecklenburg County, Va., on the Virginia and North Carolina line, in the office of any of the roads, save the Erie and the Morris and Essex, running through New Jersey.

CONSTANT READER, San Francisco.—The enlistment is void, of course; but the courts have rendered conflicting decisions, especially where the minor has represented himself as having neither parents nor guardian, or as over age. Since the Constitution is the responsible party, the firing of fireworks in the streets on the Fourth of July; but there is a police ordinance against setting off chasers, double-headed serpents or torpedoes, etc.

T. B. J., Canton.—1. You can obtain them from Welcher, Newark, N. J., but they will have to be made to order. 2. There is no advantage in using them, but in making matches they are usually barred.

OPTIMUS, Chicago.—1. The value of straights varies in different localities. In your case, the rule of the house should have governed. 2. Both gentlemen played to beat two pair; but in some coteries they beat triplets.

J. H., St. Paul.—So one can deal and begin to play save as to training," etc. In all-fours, three-handed, while in a partner game only the dealer and the beggar can look at the cards before the trump is agreed upon.

J. M., Jr.—Send such cards.....You can obtain them, with a key to them, from parties who advertise in our sporting department.

CONSTANT READER, Toronto.—The latest official figures are those of the census taken in 1870, when St. Louis had a population of 310,864.

LAURIE.—1. K. Bailey won the special race, one mile, at the N. Y. Caledonian Club games in 1873. F. Marshall was second, J. Downie third. Can't give the time.

N. Y. EX. B. B. C.—An underhand throw—provided the hand at no time nearer perpendicular at the side of the body—is legal in the amateur as well as professional arena.

T. L., St. Louis.—What fresh information we receive concerning their movements will be found in our Miscellaneous Summary.

NOVICE, New Orleans.—A's play was first-class partner cassino. There is little difference in actual play between three-handed and partner games.

A. W., West Meriden.—The fastest time in which 440 yards has been run by a pedestrian is 48½ seconds, by Dick Buttery, at Newcastle, Eng., October 4, 1873.

R. W., Mitchell.—You can get lithographs of running and trotting horses, but we do not believe there are any photographs of horses in harness over two of them in the market.

DECLINER.—"I'm Sorry that I Married," "A Dream of Youth," "O, Where Will I Go?" "Good Old Hams," "I'm Longing to See Old Massa."

E. B., Paterson.—We should we hear of anything favorable, we will apprise you; but we do not believe that such an opening will offer.

J. C., "Camille" was then being performed, and Mc-Kee Rankin assumed the character of Armand Duval, instead of the person you name.

MR. D., Newark.—John R. Owens was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1823. Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829.

CONSTANT, No; there is an amateur by that name who has acted occasionally on the regular stage with considerable success.

ALLASONT, Chicago.—Both are unmarried, and are engaged for so long a period as may be agreeable to all parties concerned.

W. AWAN.—1. The initiation fee to the N. Y. Caledonian Club is $5, and the annual dues, $3. 2. He must be a member.

BERNARD BLESSING, Toronto.—He won the money fairly, Sullivan being engaged in a fight with the seconds of his opponent, and failing to respond to the call of time.

WARREN HALL, Boston Highlands.—No, 4 is wrong. It is not necessary that all the balls should be pocketed before "pool" can be announced.

MANAGER, New Haven.—The theatres in San Francisco, Cal., generally keep open all the year. September may be considered the opening month of the Fall season.

TOM GREEN, Carbon.—Aces are the lowest number in throwing poker dice, and your statement that we last week decided differently is not correct.

J. D. B., Lancaster.—The underhand throw not allowed by the professional rules is when the arm is swung out from the side, instead of nearly perpendicular at the sides.

R. T., Rockville.—The Young America Club of Philadelphia defeated the Willows of Brooklyn in a match some years ago by over 300 in one inning.

J. KEYSOR.—The underhand throw in baseball pitching has been the practical rule since 1860, and it was legalized in 1871.

C. T., Fort Clark.—We know nothing reliable as to the salaries given professionals. Higham is at present the captain of the Mutual nine.

READER, St. Louis.—1. A is entitled to 5 points—2 for the pair; 2 for 15, and 1 for the last card. 2. A pair making 31 in stuss 4 points.

RIDGE AVENUE, Phila.—Dexter's best record is 2:17¼. As he did not win a heat in his race with Ethan Allen and running mate, he gained no record.

INQUIRER, Cheyenne.—Goldsmith Maid, Occident, Dexter, George Palmer, American Girl, Lucy and Judge Fullerton have all beaten From Dennis's best time of 2:19¾.

J. S. RYERSON, Yarmouth.—1. Either side, but it is customary to rig it on the starboard side. 2. It is optional—usually from right to left, however.

W. G. G.—We understand that pools will be sold this (Tuesday) evening on the Schaft-Brownrace at Johnson's, 28th street and Broadway.

"OUR JIM'S" mother, be it tenderly whispered, is the unlicensed engineer of a fruit-stand in Fulton market, in which the boy takes great pride. Feeling comfortable and patriotic on the 4th of July, James offered his maternal parent a dollar-store breast-pin; which she declined, on the plea that she had never known a day's illness in her life, and she did not desire to take the very alloyed now. James was annoyed and swore. The mother says that the fruit her boy most reminds her of is a *damson!*

SAD WARNING.—Intelligence has just reached us that a man was recently killed in Georgia by the explosion of a bottle of soda-water. It is not our intention to harrow the feelings, or harden the hearts of free-drinkers against the indiscriminate use of soda-water; but it is our duty to point out the evil effects of Georgia soda-water as well as the pernicious results of Jersey lightning.

THE USUAL MAN was killed on the Fourth of July; the usual number of small boys became slightly mutilated, and a fractional portion of our usual fires took place on that day. Yet New York was not unusually happy; for there were no wholesale slaughters by steamboat explosions or falling houses or railroad collisions. Without its extraordinary sensation, the metropolis is not satisfied.

THEY GROW other things than wooden nutmegs and hams in Connecticut. A couple of Sundays ago, the wife of a Connecticut minister had her pocket picked while she was listening to her husband's discourse, and the pious thief remains undiscovered to this day. "Where were the police?"

FIVE THOUSAND SPECTATORS witnessed a baseball game in this vicinity on the 4th, and an equal number were present at a contest in Philadelphia. This doesn't look as if the game was dying out, as some croakers say.

"OUR JIM" contends that if the moon had a tail tacked on to it, old Luna would take the shine out of the one-horse comet that the papers are making such a fuss about.

IT MAY BE mentioned as a curious fact that no mad dog was killed on the 4th of July, and that nobody was bitten. How are such marvels to be accounted for?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On June 29: It was cabled that on the day previous Marshal Concha was killed in an attack upon the Carlist position at Muro.....Dr. Burt's home-rule motion was defeated in the British House of Commons.....A Berlin dispatch stated that a German squadron would be immediately sent to the Spanish waters.....Dr. Burt's home-rule motion was acquitted at Paris, France, of the charge of inciting citizens to mutual hatred.....The Pennsylvania Supreme Court affirmed the judgment and sentence of death in the case of Ederzook.....John Dennis suicided by shooting at Long Point, Canada.....It was telegraphed that in an affray between negroes at Shrewsbush, Canada, July 1, Wm. Custard was shot dead by Jacob Hoffman.....Fire at Oldtown, Me., two valuable horses perishing; Farmers and Merchants' Hotel Stables, Newark, N. J.—loss, $6,000.....Richard Cotter, a lumberman, was killed by falling timber, injured, near Fonda, N. Y.....From Cleveland, O., information was received of the death by burning of Christina Ross and Minnie Bramer, servant girls.....A fire occurred at Cheyenne, D. T., which destroyed property of $15,000.

☞ July 3: The Count de Chambord in a manifesto declared himself willing to govern France by a limited monarchy, such as existed there in June, 1830, and to be crowned by himself, the other elected by the people.....Other foreign dispatches stated that Earl Derby had announced, in the House of Lords, that the British Government consented to the acceptance of any new laws passed by the Brussels International Law Congress; that treaties of extradition and of friendship, commerce and navigation, between the United States and Portugal, had been signed at Rio Janeiro by the Peruvian Foreign Minister and the U. S. Minister; that a revolution had broken out in Tangiers, and at last advices the people were in possession of the city.....Reports had it that the customs authorities at Cadiz, Spain, were exacting tonnage dues of two pesetas per ton upon all vessels clearing for America, and one peseta per ton upon those arriving.....Ernest Ortwein, the murderer of the Hamnett family near Pittsburg, Pa., was sentenced to death.....Chas Sigwald, the Buffalo, N. Y. conductor, by whose carelessness a collision occurred on the Erie road, was let off with a fine of $500.....At Rondeau, Canada, a coroner's jury found James and Joseph Smith guilty of wilfully murdering Thos. Hall, who died on June 23.....The Burnham murder trial was concluded at Plymouth, Mass., with a verdict of murder in the first degree.....A Salt Lake City dispatch stated that Wm. Custard was murdered on July 1 by Dry Creek the night previous.....Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box was rifled.....George Ferguson, Jr., was treated to a coat of tar and feathers, for the offence of using indecent language to little girls.....Much distress was reported as prevailing in Southwestern Minnesota, owing to the grasshopper ravages.....Vincente Buenoamano was fatally stabbed by Joseph Baciatri in this city.....Dispatches were received at New York, announcing the safety of the cable steamer Faraday.....The jury in the case of the Mill-river disaster rendered a verdict censuring the Legislature, the mill owners, contractors, builders, and county commissioners.

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CRICKET IN MICHIGAN.

A fine game of cricket was played at Detroit, Mich., July 1, between the Peninsular Club of that city and the Chatham Club of Chatham, Canada. Wickets were pitched at 11 A. M., Chatham winning the toss and going to the bat, and before being disposed of made the handsome score of 102. The Peninsulars then took the willow, and were disposed of for 66 runs, Chatham again went to the bat and run up 159 by a very fine display of cricket; but as it was then within ten minutes of the time agreed upon to draw stumps, the match was decided by the first inning. The score:

CHATHAM.		PENINSULAR.	
Little b Cortier	0	Calvert b Whelan c Wells	6
Shaw b Cortier	12	Bareford b Whelan c Wells	2
Whelan b Harding c Irving	33	Harding b Eberts	2
Crosthwaite b Eberts	2	Armstrong b Eberts	15
Wells b Armstrong c Crosthwaite	5	Edgar b Eberts c Van Allen	8
J. K. Van Allen b Harding	34	Hampshire b Van Allen c Crowe	3
Eberts b Hardinge	2	Millwood b Van Allen	0
Monck b Hardinge c Edgar	2	Cornerb Eberts	11
Page b Hardinge	3	Irving b Eberts	2
Crowe b Hardinge	7	Uridge, not out	0
Atkinson, run out	0	Byes 11, 1 b 4	15
E. Van Allen, not out	0		
Byes 2, 1 b 2	4	Total	66
Total	102		

PEDESTRIANISM.

A WALK OF ONE HUNDRED MILES.

Charles Cushing, a well-known Boston, Mass., pedestrian, last week attempted the feat of walking twenty-two hours without rest, and accomplishing one hundred miles in that length of time, at Beacon Park. He began walking on the evening of June 30, and though he failed to perform the self-imposed task in full, he finished the distance in the quick time of 23 hours and 2 minutes, and the *Boston Herald* of the 1st inst. contains the following account of the affair: "His fastest time was made early yesterday morning, when he finished two miles in succession in ten minutes each. He completed fifty miles between 6 o'clock and 7 o'clock yesterday morning, making that distance with a margin of time to spare. The intense heat affected him somewhat during the day, and his neck, arms and legs were badly sunburnt and sore. The young fellow was unattended by a physician, and the care which he received during the task was not such as to assist him very materially in keeping upon his feet. The substitution of a little beef-tea for the bottles of ginger ale which he imbibed would have been a decided improvement. His diet was sherry and eggs and crackers at midnight, and beefsteak and tea during the day. As early as 1 o'clock in the afternoon it was evident that he could not accomplish the task, and as his gait soon became similar to that of a drunken man, his gait soon became similar to that of a drunken man, his gait soon became similar to that of a drunken man,

A PARODY, "BY JOVE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Alone we stood beside the door—
"By Jove," but she was sweet.
"Bon soir," I whispered o'er and o'er—
"By Jove," but why repeat?
She thought the gas was rather bright—
"By Jove," I tho't so too;
What could I do but turn the light—
"By Jove," but wouldn't you?

Someone was coming—in my haste—
"By Jove," but she was fair—
My arm it stole around her waist—
"By Jove," 'twas then and there
I whispered, "Just one little kiss,
'By Jove,' would be no sin."
Why linger at the door of bliss?
"By Jove," I waded in.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CUT DOWN LIKE THE GRASS.

While Enid was settling her fate for life, with Merle for guide, and her mother's grave for advocate, Mr. Leyburn and Jack had ridden out from town, and were slowly trotting along the breezy hills, across which the railway ran, and over whose mantle of purple and gold the bees kept up a ceaseless humming.

Jack had been impatient for the ride; impatient to get outside the town, forget his cousin's affairs—which had occupied the general attention too long already—and confide his own engagement to his father's ears. Mr. Leyburn guessed, had indeed guessed and staved it off all the week; and would have liked to stave it off still longer, even at the cost of more money difficulties with Merle. He had only just got his son to himself again, and did not want to give him up to anyone. Couldn't the young fool have been content to take care of his own heart for a year or two? And who knew what sort of creature might have captured it? The father felt slightly cross; and, far from offering any assistance to the topic, tried to defer it by talking persistently of home and foreign politics, bank tactics, crops, etc., all equally displeasing to poor Jack at that moment.

"You must see that this Government is nothing more than a heap of fools—fools and swindlers, Jack," he cried out, winding up a tirade on certain local abuses by a quite uncalled-for cut on the flanks of his staunch old gray. "Steady, Bess! will you, girl, will you, eh? A pack of weak, mean fools, sir, selling the nation's honor, like modern Judases, for a miserable handful of silver—a wretched saving of a wretched sum which they won't get in the end. Now, what's next to—now is that Jack, who's this woman charity-bobbing? Mercy Brent, eh? Good day, Mrs. Brent. And what are you doing over here? Coming from your parish! Why, I thought Brent had got regular work, and you were doing finely."

Mrs. Brent *(bobbed)* again, and mumbled something in a dolorous whine about Sammy being sick, "an' the man out on strike wi' Farmer Gurton's hands;" then, catching sight of unsympathetic anger in the banker, to whom the word "strike" acted much as a red rag on a bull, executed yet a third bob, and trudged on her way—a tall, shabby figure making a black spot in the golden Autumn haze as it slowly wound along the steep hill-paths leading down to the valley.

"Strike, indeed !" exclaimed Mr. Leyburn irefully; "that's the general cry this year—'Out on strike;' and here's Winter at our doors, and coals going up; and who is to feed those drones when the snow comes, I should like to know?"

"We," said Jack. "We always have; and they know it. Father, I want to speak to you."

"I thought you were speaking, son."

"Yes, but on another subject, and a more serious one—to me."

"Bless my heart, Jack, I should think we had had serious enough subjects of late; not but what you'll find rise of coals and strikes of fools uncommonly serious to you before you're as old as I am. Wait till you've the cares of a family on your head, and you won't look on strikes as nothing."

"I don't now, sir; and it is just with regard to these family cares that I want to talk to you."

Mr. Leyburn saw it was not to be staved off; and having a constitutional dislike to being beaten on any point, took refuge in a shield of sarcasm.

"Humph! you're uncommonly far-sighted, Jack; but, on the whole, we may as well defer the cares of *your* family—ha! ha! ha!—till it comes, eh?"

Jack would not respond to the laugh.

"Well, no, father; when a thing may come any day, it's as well to prepare for it beforehand. You've taught me that in business, and I take it the same applies to private life—don't you?"

"My dear boy, don't ask me. The sucking babies of this generation know so much better than us old fellows, that I never venture to offer an opinion on any subject outside the bank."

Jack bit his lips, and kept his temper.

"Father," said he, plump and plain, "I want to get married."

"Want what? Married, eh? Well, Jack, some men think wives rather troublesome and very expensive toys; but I don't see why you shouldn't indulge yourself with one in the course of the next ten years."

"I should be sorry to wait as long as that, sir."

"When you have waited, you'll wish it had been longer."

"I hope not, father. At any rate, I'd rather take your experience than your opinion on the subject."

"My dear Jack, in the matter of love fooleries I am aware that my opinion is worth nothing. You are the best judge. Is the day settled, and who is the girl?—not that I've any right to ask, though."

"The *lady*, sir," said Jack, swelling with some natural indignation at finding his passion treated in this cavalier fashion, "is Miss Baby—Barbara, I mean—Delamayne; and her father is the vicar of Hollingwood, near St. Leonard's. I made her acquaintance while I was staying there this autumn."

"Ah, indeed! a week's visit, I think. Quick work, rather; but scarce breeched fools and clever girls—eh, Jack?"

"Have what opinion you like of my folly, sir," Jack broke in, flushing hotly; "but be so kind as not to speak disrespectfully of this young lady. What can you have done that you should speak to me in this way? I come to you, not only as my father, but my best friend, to tell you that I have won the affection of an amiable girl, and wish to make her my wife; and you meet me with taunts and sneers. It isn't fair, father; and I don't deserve it."

Mr. Leyburn was touched; not, however, being willing to avow as much, he contented himself with scolding Bess, and blowing his nose, before resuming, in a grumbling tone:

"Coming to me isn't much good when a thing is settled, Jack; or, perhaps, if you consider the subject dispassionately, you might ask yourself what have I done that my only son, who most assuredly has never met with harshness or reserve from me, should not only throw himself into the arms of the first girl he meets, but keep his folly to himself, and never breathe a word of girl, attachment, or marriage, at home, till the whole affair's settled, and the young couple only waiting to see whether the old nest will be cleared out for them, or a new one fitted up. Hang it, Jack, I don't deserve it, if you like; and what's more, I can't pretend not to feel it."

And the banker blew his nose violently, and rode on, though slowly, so that his son might have an opportunity for vehemently disclaiming the imputation and reasserting his filial affection.

Jack disappointed him. He said nothing at first; only cantered on, looking at his horse's ears, and weighing what his father had said. When he had reviewed it calmly and dispassionately from both sides, and not till then, the young man spoke, but very quietly and deliberately:

"I had not thought of it in that way; and putting myself in your place, I dare say I should have been vexed also. I am very sorry, father."

"Sorrow won't mend broken bones," growled Mr. Leyburn—not angrily, though, now—"nor yet get a man out of a mess which his folly has jumped him into."

"I'm in no mess, father. I've asked a good little girl to marry me, and with you and her father's consent, I shall think I'm a very lucky fellow; for, of course, a wife is a serious charge, and, as he says, I'm very young, and mayn't know how to manage it. I don't know much about girls," Jack went on meditatively; "only there's Enid, you see. She and I always get on very well together; and she could look after and amuse Baby sometimes while I am at the bank. Of course, for the child's sake, as well as my own, I couldn't neglect my work then, and——"

"The child!—Baby!" stammered Mr. Leyburn, quite confounded at this new combination.

"Yes," said Jack coolly, "that is her name—what they call her, at least. Barbara is the full name, but they think Baby prettier; and she's such a little, childish thing, it doesn't sound so stupid as you would imagine. I suppose she must be called Barbara when she's married?" in an inquiring tone. "Nicknames don't sit well on married women, do they? And what does it matter whether your Christian name's pretty or not? Barbara's a very decent name—as good as any other, I think."

Mr. Leyburn made no reply. Jack's common-sense mode of viewing the whole matter quite flabbergasted his senior, who had had his little romance long ago, and still held it sacred.

"As to telling you about it before speaking to her," the young man went on, "of course I should have done, and talked it all over with you; only when I went down there last time, I had no thought of marrying her or anyone; and though I thought a good deal about her as a nice little thing, I didn't think it was in that way."

"Other people did," remarked Mr. Leyburn. "Why, even Enid saw you were head over ears in love with someone."

This was an exaggeration; but Jack took it, like all else, an pied de la lettre, and puzzled over it.

"Did she really? Well, she was cleverer than I. Besides, I've always considered it very unfair to go talking a girl over, and discussing her, before you want her. I wouldn't thank any fellow who went about asking everyone whether Enid would be a good wife for him, when probably she wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs."

"Miss Dela—what is it?—the Baby consented to dispose with the tongs, I assume," said Mr. Leyburn mildly.

But Jack paid no manner of attention to the ribald jest, and went smoothly on with his history. I wonder, reader, how it would have sounded told by Baby Delmayne, and then by you or me. The three versions would have looked agreeably different. Jack spoke of a little creature, so innocent and merry as to be out of place among her fine lady sisters—a little creature who did not know what coquetry or affectation meant, but who had clung to him with simple, cordial liking from the first, till unconsciously he grew to make his life one of love and care. Parting, or rather the eve of parting, brought the secret out. She looked so sorry that somehow he felt he must come back for her, and said something, he didn't remember what—at any rate, she wasn't angry: and, in fact, that settled it.

"I wish you had spoken to me before you did settle it, so that at least I might have satisfied myself whether the fate you had chosen was a good one for you," Mr. Leyburn said, in a tone of kindly, anxious seriousness.

Jack's last few sentences had let in a light on the warmth hidden in that honest heart, and convinced his father that Baby Delmayne was something more than "a young man's fancy." He looked up now in some surprise.

"Why, father, you forget! Directly I had won her to own she liked me, I was bound to her. I might have told you before going to her father, certainly; but that would have put her in rather a false position towards her people. A woman has no business to have any secrets from her family—and a child like Baby, too! No, no; her father had welcomed me to his house, and trusted her in my care. I owed it him to tell him at once how I felt and how I was situated."

"Hum! Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, he was very kind. Would not give his consent till I had got yours; but said he had no personal objection to me."

"I should think not," said Mr. Leyburn dryly. "Well, I can't blame you. You've acted uprightly, and like a gentleman; but I do wish I knew something of this young lady and her family. Of course, a man in love never thinks of anything but the romantic side of the matter."

"Never *thinks*, sir!" cried Jack despairingly. "Why, I wouldn't think so much of anything again for a good round sum. 'In love!' Well, father, I did think you knew me well enough to feel sure that I *couldn't* love any woman who wasn't in position—as well as in herself—fully fitted to sit at Enid's side and carry my mother's name. You married a clergyman's daughter, sir; I don't want to do better."

Mr. Leyburn stretched out his hand, and turned his face away, with something between a laugh and a sob.

"Jack, you're a lump of insufferable, self-opinionated conceit; but—but God bless you, my boy, and give you the happiness I had. I can't wish you more. Now tell me something of what you purpose doing."

Jack grasped his father's hand tight and firm.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said at first. But after a moment he began to speak of the rectory, Mrs. Delamayne's connection with the aristocracy, and the widowed daughter who had married a son of the Earl of Ultramontane. "They are grander people than we are," said Jack, "and seem to have no end of swell friends. But there won't be any money; her father said so—that he had nothing to give his girls but a chest full of clothes, and a hundred pounds or so in their pockets, until he died. There would be something then, but not much; and he dared say my people would expect more. I told him my people would expect me to earn money for my wife, not to live on hers."

"You will have to wait, though, Jack," said his father. He was quite resigned and good-humored now. "I can't have you taking your money out of the bank, to set up a second establishment, just now, when your college expenses are hardly over, and Merle still such a drag on me. It would not be right to Enid."

"Certainly not," Jack answered readily. "I never thought of marrying under a year or so, at least. Baby is very young, you know; and I should like her to know you and Enid well, and get comfortably into our ways before I ——. Take care, sir! What's that ?"

They had been riding easily along a narrow path which skirted the hillside—Mr. Leyburn a little in front, and both too busy in conversation to heed where they were going—when Jack cried out.

Just too late!

Simultaneous with his words, and drowning them in uproar, came a loud shriek, a rush, a roar, a long, echoing rattle, and the express train for London had dashed past within three yards of them, and going at the rate of forty miles an hour; while Brown Bess, after one frantic shy from the approach of the fiery monster, reared up on end, threw her rider, and galloped, half wild with terror, in the opposite direction.

It all happened in one moment, before Mr. Leyburn had time to tighten hands or knees; and Jack, whose horse was plunging also, never paused to look back, but calling out: "Never mind, father, I'll have her back in a moment," set his spurs into the refractory beast, and galloped after the runaway.

He did not go far, not a couple of hundred yards; but what availed the distance, when the minute occupied in traversing it might be purchased by a lifetime of remorse? Oh, moments, so short, so fleeting, what would many a dying man give for one of you!—many a living sinner to blot out the memory of another! Was it instinct—that mysterious message from another world—or only the sudden silence which fell on that sunny hillside after the passage of the train, which made the hoof-strokes of Jack's horse sound so strangely loud and deep, almost like the tolling of a funeral bell on its rider's ears?

In a sudden, unexplained agony of alarm, he reined in the swift creature with a jerk, which brought it, foam-flecked and quivering, on its haunches; and, turning in the saddle, looked back to where he had left his father.

There was no one in sight.

Sickening with unconfessed horror, he shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared again along the quiet, sunshiny slope, as half-hoping to see the stalwart figure seated on a bank in waiting for his return.

It was not there! In all that breezy expanse of hilltop there was no sign of any human being save himself—nothing but the tufts of yellow gorse; here and there a jutting rock breaking the line of pathway; and—good God! No, it couldn't be! But what was *that*—that small black heap lying so still, so motionless, among the stones and furze bushes at the side of the road?

In one second Jack had turned his horse, and was back, out of the saddle, and kneeling at the side of the prone figure; its clothes torn and whitened with dust; its face white, still and staring with awful eyes, blank and unseeing, into the pale blue vault of Heaven.

"Father!" said Jack. He did not speak aloud; some yet unuttered terror seemed to choke his voice. "Father, try to speak to me! Are you much hurt?"

No answer. Never a word from the parted, livid lips. Jack put one hand under the head to raise it, but drew it away again with an irrepressible cry of horror; and dropped back upon his knees, sick and trembling all over. That proud old head, with its gray hairs fast bleaching white—it was pillowed, all too firmly now, on a sharp lump of flint, which had cut clean through skull and brain in that crashing fall; and Jack's right hand was crimsoned with the life-blood slowly soaking away, and making red channels for itself among the dry, sandy soil.

Death must have been instantaneous.

Mr. Leyburn had spoken his last words in this world; and Jack knelt among the furze bushes, rubbing the stiffened, wrinkled hands between his strong young palms, and crying like a child—crying for the first time since his childhood.

"O father! dear old dad—don't say it's all over! Father, not so soon—not forever!"

Vain cry! uttered how vainly by many and many an orphaned voice in that first great anguish of sorrow, echoing and re-echoing in pitiful, hopeless pleading beneath the deaf and silent heavens.

Leyburn & Son had become an empty name, and the son knew it, even as he knelt there, sobbing aloud in the full strength of his youthful manhood, while his father lay cold and still in the dust beneath him.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death;
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

It was the "bearded grain" that had fallen now—cut down in one moment under the pleasant Autumn sunshine. While life was strong in every pulse, and "all the world spoke well of him," Death had beckoned with his icy hand, and John Leyburn rose up and went.

Jack did not sit there long. It was his nature to *do* more than to think; and, after the first few minutes of weakness, he stood up and shouted to a distant farmer to come and help him carry the body to the railway station hard by, before he went back to break the terrible news to those at home.

I pass briefly over the time that followed. Jack was still busy up-stairs over the hard, necessary duties of the moment, when Enid came in; and then, as we have seen, it was Merle, not he, who took the comforter's part.

Merle's presence and help were, indeed, invaluable in these days of trouble. Jack's own great suffering made him shrink from every unnecessary word or look which touched upon the new wound; besides which, he was working himself to death to arrange everything at home and in the bank, so that others should not be worried.

Aunt Jane seemed utterly prostrated by the shock, which had left her standing alone, in her old age, among a younger generation; and poor Enid, trying to do her little daily duties, nurse her aunt, and not grieve her father had always been tender to weakness, and ready, helping aid wonderfully sweet in those sad days when all seemed drawn together by a common bond of sorrow.

There was no talk of his going back to Oxford now. He was too much needed, by both Jack and Enid, to be spared till after Christmas; and a period of such close link of sympathy between all the members of the bereaved family which caused both the Leyburns' engagements to seem less terrible and astounding events than at other times either must have appeared. The one centre grief dulled other impressions, and so confused ordinary facts that no one could remember how either event came to be announced. True, Merle started once, and looked inquiringly at the others when Jack alluded to some alteration which could stand over "till Baby came;" and Enid had to whisper to him that—Oh! yes, it was all settled with dear, dear papa just before ——; and Aunt Jane was confident that *she* had never heard anything of Merle's successful "coup" till Enid apologized for some interference from her cousin, by the reminder:

"But I am to be Merle's wife some day, auntie; so, after all, it is only his right to direct me."

Then, indeed—for the funeral was over by that time, and all had settled back into a melancholy assumption of the old routine—both Miss Leyburn and Jack found leisure to be indignant and aggrieved at the audacity of such an idea on Merle's part; declaimed bitterly of his taking such advantage of Enid's affection; and declared that it would be not only the most cruel folly in the world for her, but that it could not possibly be allowed on any consideration.

Even these opinions, however, reached Merle in a form which was softened by a sense of the manner in which he had shared their common loss; and when referred to Enid by her lover, were upset by the girl's mild but steady decision. Merle had not entrapped her into a promise. She had given it of her own free will, and she was no child. He loved her, and she him. Her mother had never wished them to be parted; and had her father lived, she was sure he would have respected that wish. At any rate, she alone was to blame; and she had given her word, and could go back from it as little as Jack from his.

This rather silenced Jack, who had been nettled on the subject of his own betrothal by a repeated series of comments and cross-questionings from Aunt Jane, who had set her heart on his marrying Amy Northcote—a girl who had grown up pretty well under her own eye, and would have five thousand pounds down on her wedding morning. He shrugged his shoulders, and told Enid he shouldn't interfere. He certainly didn't approve of her marrying a man who had only her money to live on, or waiting years till he had earned something to keep himself; and Enid kissed him, and answered that she had decided. Her mother thought her necessary to Merle's happiness, and that was enough sanction for her.

Merle, too, took stand on Mrs. Leyburn's love for him; but, indeed, he said very little on the subject to anyone, leaving Enid to fight his battles; and merely showing that, if he had erred in pressing the engagement, he was content that it should be as long as the family decided—that is, until he had a tolerably comfortable home to offer his wife.

"I know I'm deucedly poor," he told Jack, whose strong, if tacit, disapprobation annoyed him more than all Miss Leyburn's anger; "and if I had not loved Enid all my life, I could not have borne to accept the humiliating position outsiders will choose to put me in. What I can do, however, I will—settle on her all I have, including the £500 left me in your father's will, and insure my life for her benefit. For the rest, I can only work on; and as to her money, tie it up as you like. If she is willing to give me herself —of which I know I am not worthy—her fortune is a matter of very little moment. Should you refuse to marry Miss Delamayne if anyone left her six hundred a year?"

Jack grunted, and made small reply; but that evening he told Enid there was some "sense of business" in Merle. She was a great fool; but if she enjoyed waiting, like a widow bewitched, he couldn't help it. He supposed the fellow would get a tolerable curacy some time; and then, if she liked to risk it, why she must.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN INSTANCE of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board bill, is said to have recently occurred in Pittsburg. A lady saw a dog frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out, and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and as she opened the door he walked in and placed an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought another egg to pay for his dinner, and on the fourth day he brought the old hen herself, who, it seems, had failed to furnish the required egg.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ELSIE MAY.

On the bright shores of the River of Life,
Where no sound cometh of earth's noisy strife,
Where sin and sorrow alike are forgot,
Joy is triumphant, and sadness is not—
Where the bright waters can nevermore fail,
Where breath of roses perfumes the soft gale—
There turn thy heart when by life's billows tossed,
There are the homes of the "loved and the lost."

Bright is the gleam of their radiant hair;
Fair are their foreheads, untarnished by care;
Oh! can you wish them again here below,
Where the dark tides of earth's many griefs flow?
Would you recall them to earth's shadowed joy,
Where friendship's gold is oft mixed with alloy,
Where love's bright roses develop a thorn,
And from each bliss some keen sorrow is born?

Hark! hear you not those melodious strains
Echoing o'er the ethereal plains?
Open the almost closed ear of the soul,
Hear how the rich waves of melody roll;
Louder, and higher, and loftier they swell,
Now sinking faintly, and murmuring "farewell;"
Bringing a memory of that saddening word
That in this earth-land so oft they have heard.

'Tis the sweet song that the seraphim sing,
As from their brows their diaras they fling;
Songs where no discordant notes ever come,
Joyous and free as their own sinless home.
Souls, born anew in a heavenly birth,
Would not return to our shadowy earth,
Take up its heritage, bear its great cross,
Knowing again all its pain and its loss.

Weep not, O grieve not, so bitterly now!
Let the sun-beams of peace smile upon your brow.
Life must be borne; and though joys may have fled,
All of its brightness and bloom is not dead;
Turn your sad heart, with its burden of grief,
Up to the Source of unfailing relief,
Remembering, as over the billows you're tossed,
Each wave brings nearer the "loved and the lost."

LIZZIE GWINGEL.

A Romance in the Life of an Actress.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A beautiful woman stood one night leaning in a dejected attitude against the dressing-place of a dressing-room in a theatre in St. Louis. Her face wore a half-defiant expression, and that little foot beat the floor impatiently from time to time, while she thus stood listening to the remonstrances of a woman many years her elder.

"Money! I'm absolutely sick of hearing the word," the girl at length cried, no longer able to conceal her impatience. "Mother, don't say another word—don't say another word to me on the subject. I'll do anything else in the world you may ask, but ——"

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" coaxingly interposed the old woman, "you *must* listen to me. O Liz!" she continued, in a voice of earnest entreaty, "if you could only know my motive in past life, you would understand better why I want to save you from the hard ——"

"I know, I know!" said the young actress impatiently. "It's the same old story over and over again, mother—money; look out for money; look out for No. 1, including No. 2," she added, smiling faintly, with a sly glance at the other. "I know you had a hard life at one time, and it has made you hard. But, mother, you can't expect me to shut my heart to every thought but money. Let me alone and I'll make more money than I'm doing now. I'm ambitious—I share the juvenile business already; but never mind *me* just now. And apart from the money question, what other objections have you against him?"

"Two great ones, Liz," was the answer. "He's five years younger than you, and he's only a utility man."

Lizzie Gwingel glanced quickly at the reflection of her lovely face in the glass that hung above her dressing-place, and turned, with a sarcastic smile, to the old woman.

"Anyone, to hear you," she said, "might think me a Methusaleh, though I'm only twenty-three years of age. As for *him*, in a theatre we don't usually expect a young fellow of eighteen to be playing the leading business, do we?"

"No; but some men continue utility men all their lives," was the old woman's quick answer.

"Thank you," said the girl, as she curtesied mockingly to the other. "That's a mean fling at George, and he don't deserve it; for, I tell you, mother," continued the girl, flushing with the earnestness with which she proceeded, "he has more talent—utility man though he be—in his little finger, than any man in this theatre who has had ten times his experience."

"Stuff! You are perfectly infatuated!" sneered the mother. "Why, Liz, talented as you may think him, it will take him years to gain ——"

"Hush!" and Lizzie raised her finger warningly, and glanced hastily towards the opening dressing-room door. A girl dressed as a fairy entered, breathing hard and in gasps, and limping painfully. "Oh! how my feet hurts!" cried the dancer piteously, crawling to the nearest chair and sinking into it, with very little of the grace of the fairy left.

There was a pause, in which the little creature hugged her right foot in her hands, and rocked to and fro in an excess of pain.

"You shouldn't wear such tight shoes, then," was the old woman's comforting remark, as she contemptuously surveyed the little dancer slowly removing those instruments of torture. "If you are fool enough to wear shoes too tight and too short for you, you have to suffer the consequences, and it serves you right," continued the old woman spitefully. "I wonder the audience don't see you are in a perfect agony."

"I wear tight shoes!" exclaimed the little creature in indignation. "How could I do a solo on the point if I wore tight shoes? Now, Miss Gwingel, I appeal to you!"

The girl appealed to was very busy putting away liquid white, rouge and chalk in a little dressing-case, and simply shrugged her shoulders ungraciously, without deigning one glance at the dancer or the shoe that was being held over for inspection.

"Oh, don't appeal to me, Maggie. You know I—I—know the stake you are playing for!"

If the dancer understood the hint, she did not show it, but began in a childish, complaining voice to rehearse her wrongs:

"I can't help it, Liz! my shoes isn't made as they'd ought to be, can I? Now, just look at them shoes—the satin's all frayed out already, and I've only worn them two nights. Isn't it a downright shame to have to pay two dollars and a quarter for such wishwash? Not a blamed bit of stiffening in the heels; and look at them toes—they wouldn't hold a cat up in a solo on the point. That man don't know no more how to make solo dancing-shoes than an old maid knows how to diaper a baby!" The old woman chuckled at this simile, and the younger actress glanced her contempt as she swept past the little dancer, saying:

"Maggie, I never knew you so entertaining! I'm sure a certain gentleman would say so if he heard you. Good-night, Maggie. Come, mother; let's go, if you are ready."

The young actress turned for an instant at the door and gave the little dancer a parting glance, in which contempt, dislike and exultation were strangely mingled. The door banged to, and mother and daughter descended the carpetless, dirty stairway. When left alone, the dancer sat in a thoughtful attitude for some moments.

"Isn't she deep?" she muttered to herself at last, and then rose with a heavy sigh, and began to slowly undress. "Deep!" she whispered under her breath, shaking her head at her own reflection in the glass. "If I was as deep as she is, and could act as well as dance," a sigh finished the sentence. "But never mind," she muttered, glancing over at the young actress' dressing-place; "you are not married to him yet!"

The conversation between mother and daughter was not resumed after its interruption in the dressing-room, until they arrived home; for the objectionable George had, according to custom, escorted the fair Lizzie and the reliable mother from the theatre after the performance, and he had lingered on the door's threshold to hold her hand an instant, and to say one tender parting word with his soul's idol, little dreaming that perhaps this might be nearly the last of those dear moments of mutual confidence and love so precious to the hearts of young lovers.

"Then, mother, your chief objection to him is ——"

"My chief objections are—he is five years younger than you are; he is only a utility man; and I don't want to see you married to any actor, if he held the highest position in the profession."

The young actress made no reply, rose quietly from her chair and crossed over to her dressing-bureau, where she began loosening the bands of her most magnificent hair, letting it fall in a golden shower over her shoulders. The mother looked on attentively and admiringly. Lizzie was really worth looking at, as a woman above the average height, with a figure, a face whose complexion stage paint had as yet failed to spoil, her crowning glory her hair—her chief pride, and the envy of the women and the admiration of the men in the theatre. Perhaps her only personal defect lay in her eyes. They were a trifle too small, and at times, in moments of excitement, they had an unpleasant, greenish, cat-like look. But still at all times she would have been called beautiful, though any ordinary physiognomist would have pronounced her, through her face, a selfish woman.

"A girl of your fine appearance, Liz," began the old woman at length, "and possessing the talent you do, ought to have sense enough of her own to know, without being told, what madness it is to cast these advantages, or rather to sacrifice these advantages, for love of a brat of a boy. Lizzie, let me finish what I have to say. Sure as you marry him, it will be drudge, drudge, on and on, season after season, acting in one theatre or another. Even if you are not compelled to do so for his sake or your own, you will do it for your children's sake, should you have children. For God's sake, Lizzie, for your own, don't make a fool of yourself by marrying a poor actor, as I did before I was your age."

"I never knew you regretted your marriage before," said Lizzie in surprise.

"There are many things I never told you," returned the old woman gravely. "Liz! there were worse men in the world than your father, and there were better. My worst hardships were caused by his thoughtlessness soon after we were married, and his indifference and neglect, as years wore on. I tell you this night, as I sit here, could I possibly have known or even dreamt of one-third of what lay before me, on the day I married, I would have gone and made a hole in the water before I would have consented to be his wife. Most American actresses, unless they have English mothers, can't conceive, and wouldn't credit, the frightful struggling and poverty endured by English actresses in the travelling companies. Ugh! it isn't so bad now as in my young days, but it's bad enough still, from all accounts. In Keswick, in Cumberland, I acted Lady Macbeth one night, and hadn't tasted food all day; for the company had had no money for a long time, and the only way to better my condition was to walk fourteen miles to the next town, for your father and I, between us, had but threepence towards paying our fare there; and I walked that journey in a pair of Cumberland clogs, and carried my sick baby in my arms. The greater portion of the way your father carried him, but the last few miles I held my dead baby in my own arms, pressed against my almost broken heart. and ——"

"Mother! mother! don't—don't tell me any more; I can't bear to hear it. It's all over now. Your life has been tolerably easy since you came to America. You've seldom been out of an engagement. You've had a good salary, and can earn a good salary for years to come, unless you expect and prefer that I and George should support you. All you've suffered can never by any possibility be mine. It's natural you should have ambitious views for me, I suppose, and that you should hesitate about my marrying unless—as you call it—advantageously. But, mother, my mind's made up. I'm fond of him, and when we get to Chicago I intend to marry him as soon as it pleases me."

"But, Lizzie," interrupted the old woman, eyeing her narrowly, "suppose we can do better than by going to Chicago next season?"

"Mother, we can't do better. I've never played juvenile business out of St. Louis, and getting the chance at McVicker's is a great step forward for me. Besides, George has signed *his* engagement for Chicago, and so ——"

"Read this," said Mrs. Gwingel, as she quietly drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to-night," she added, and placed it in her daughter's hands.

As a cat watches a mouse, the sly old woman eyed the younger one as she read. She noted the brightening of the eyes, the lovely color rising in the face, and exultingly felt that with that little sheet of paper she had fanned the hitherto mere spark of ambition that had smouldered in the young actress' breast into a flame that the infatuation of love, strong as it was, could never extinguish. The girl had swallowed the bait, and for the moment at least "George" was utterly forgotten.

"An offer of an engagement in New York!" at last cried Lizzie with delight. "I can scarcely realize it! Why, how in the name of wonder, mother, did you *work* this?"

"By perseverance, Liz, and a little theatrical diplomacy; for, you know, we haven't had a star this season towards whom I have not used all the arts of flattery and persuasion to gain this end. The great S——, I saw, admired you, and I got his promise that he would do all he could for you in New York. I had failed so often that I scarcely dared hope for this result; for, you know, stars so soon forget one, and are, moreover, pestered to death for letters of recommendation, and so on. But, you see, he has remembered his promise. Now, Liz, it rests with you to decide your fate. The ball is at your feet—don't be a fool and kick it aside."

"But Chicago, mother. How are we to get out of that engagement?"

"Let me alone for that," replied the old schemer.

"But George ——" Lizzie was beginning.

"Hang George!" exclaimed the old woman passionately. "You make a hit in New York—and, with me to back you, I'll dare venture you won't fail—you can snap your fingers at George, and in six months will laugh at your folly in being so spooney on him. Be a woman, play your cards cleverly, and if within a year's time you are not a rich man's wife, with a horse and carriage of your own, tell me I don't know the first rule in arithmetic—and *you* know what I mean by that."

Lizzie Gwingle took the letter in her hands once more, read it through attentively, and then sat holding it, looking thoughtfully on the ground. At last she broke the long silence:

"Mother, I won't decide to-night. Like Victorine, 'I'll sleep on it.'"

The old woman made no answer, save a nod of approval, and watched the girl rise, cross the room, and pass into her own apartment. An hour later she heard the girl crying softly to herself; then all was still.

"Good!" muttered this scheming mother, with a smile of triumph. "She has decided, and I know which way."

* * * * * * *

One night more and the season will be at an end, and the curtain will fall for the last time on those who have passed the season together. Some will part friends, some enemies, some lovers—many never to meet again, perhaps, till time, which works such wonders, shall have strangely altered their relative positions. The mild walking gentleman may yet live a great tragedian with pecuniary profit, and to patronize him when he has become a rich and successful manager. The leading lady may in the future find this humble ballet-girl at her elbow transformed into a strong dramatic rival; for so it goes. The last night comes, and with it the truth must come at last to one poor utility man at the Western theatre—falling as a thunderbolt, and threatening in the blow to kill what good may be in his nature.

"Yes, George, I *have* deceived you; and, now it's too late to retract, I'm heartily sorry for it. I *do* love you—indeed, I do—but, you see, I *can't* be selfish. Your wife would be in the way. She couldn't get an engagement at home, that was certain; he didn't have money enough to buy a sufficient number to experiment on, and consequently he was forced to sit on that dry-goods box and invent a plan. After a good deal of hard thinking and hard "cussing" of his usual bad luck, he succeeded in getting a couple of cows from the well-filled roost of his neighbor Rittenberry.

Now, Rittenberry's chickens bore the reputation of being the finest in town. Amateur poultry-raisers had flocked to Rittenberry's house just for a look at those chickens, and you might have talked yourself to death before you could convince Rittenberry that there were finer chickens in the United States than his. He wouldn't have believed it if you had sworn it on a stack of Bibles a mile high—no, sir! Therefore those chickens were Rittenberry's pride. He doted on them, and loved them as much as he loved his children. In spite of the great affection between Rittenberry and his chickens, Smith had set his head for a few of them.

It was very late at night when Mrs. Smith was sufficiently locked in the arms of Morpheus to allow the partner of her woes to slip out of bed. Hauling on his clothes, he armed himself with a gunny sack and started on his first criminal proceeding. He had just reached out his hand for a fine buff Cochin rooster when Rittenberry's dog took a mouthful of Smith. Fortunately, it was one of those dogs who do their work silently but surely, without all that unnecessary growling and barking, because Smith might have received a dose of bird-shot if Rittenberry had been awakened. Of course the dog hurt Smith, but Smith would have parted with four or five more mouthfuls rather than lose the chance of getting those chickens; so he continued filling the guano sack with astonished roosters, while the faithful cur continued to hold on to Smith's calf.

When the bag was full, Smith started out, dragging the dog with him. The gate reached, Smith allowed the dog to just get his nose out, and then he slammed the gate. The dog let loose his hold and howled. By the time old Rittenberry had aroused his old fuses and was fluttering about the cool night-air with nothing on but a paper collar and a pair of socks, Smith was two squares away, walking as if he had been sent down-town by his wife for her new hat from the milliner's. Rittenberry snuffed treason in the tainted air, and went round the house, falling over the wheelbarrow and stumping his sick toe against a row of croquet wickets, to inspect his chicken-house. Of course I couldn't, nor indeed will I try to, describe the agony of that silver-haired old man in the small hours of the night, when he discovered the absence of his roosters! He sat down on the ash-hopper and wept. The hens were cackling as if bewailing the loss of their liege lords, the dog was whining over his pinch at the gate, and old Rittenberry varied the concert with profuse exclamations of scorching invectives.

In the meantime, Smith was nearing the banks of the river with his cargo of pure-bred poultry. The destination reached, Smith looked around. Not a soul was in sight; and then he commenced his bloody work. One by one the necks of old Rittenberry's prides were severed from the bodies; only a flirt in the air, a few hesitating kicks, and the spirits of departed chickens went to the chicken land. By this time Smith was perspiring. He looked into the bag, and found only two more birds awaiting, with calm meekness, their resignation, their extinction. He thought perhaps he had used the wrong kind of instrument of death. Perhaps a sharp-edged hatchet would have done better than the dull axe he had borrowed from Murray across the way from home. But it was no use now to wish for a hatchet; he had to use the dull one, and there was an end to it. The bodies of the two last victims were brought to light, then the cruel axe described its wicked circle in the air, and off went the head of another of old Rittenberry's fondlings. The body of the last feathered martyr to science jumped and spirted its crimson life away.

The last victim—Changhae. Poor Shanghae!

"I knew him well, Horatio;
He was a fellow of infinite jest," etc.

Many is the time I've seen that monster Shanghae strutting about among the hens with all the dignity of a new city functionary, while I admired his beautiful plumage and fair proportions. But, lackaday! we must all succumb to fate, and so with that unfortunate, ill-starred Shanghae. Yet, when the dull thud of the executioner's axe resounded through the stillness of that midnight air, Shanghae got up and walked as proudly as ever, minus his head.

Then was Smith happy? Ask the birds if they are happy when Springtime comes, gentle Annie; ask old Sol if he is happy when the shades of night have fallen; ask—well, ask a new papa if he is proud of his first baby, and Smith will answer in the affirmative. He became so obese that he was unable to leave his bed. He died Nov. 28, 1869.

George J. Arnold was a popular actor and a genial gentleman, and was well known throughout the United States. He died at Cincinnati, O., Dec. 20, 1860. James Dunn is now acting at Niblo's Garden, New York. E. Lamb is to manage the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., during the coming season. S. W. Glenn was for many years a great favorite at this theatre. Last season he was a member of the company at Booth's Theatre in this city. Harry Griffiths holds a high rank among the best impersonators of old men now before the public. He was engaged at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre a short time ago. Miss Ellen Grey retired from the stage some years ago, and is now Mrs. Charles Carroll Hicks, Jr. Place died at Washington, D. C., July 7, 1865. Peter C. Byrne died in this city May 24, 1867. S. B. Duffield was the stage-manager during the past season at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre. Miss Hiffert was for some time with George Christy's, also Buckley's Minstrels, and we believe is still living. Mrs. Dunn died some years ago. Harry Stone, wife, Amy Stone, are on a professional tour to California and Australia.

BOWERY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager.....J. P. Waldron
Stage-manager.....F. C. Wemyss

The doors will be opened at a quarter past 7 o'clock, and the curtain will rise

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES

MY CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

She is an angel of sweet sixteen,
With peach-like cheeks, and laughing e'en;
And a waist—Ah, heaven! could I but dare
My loving arm to venture there!
A chin like Venus, and a neck
That pearls and diamonds would fail to deck.

Yes, you can dream of Heaven the while
She bestows on you, if she does, a smile;
Her breath! The breeze of the sunny South
Seems to come, when she laughs, from her rosy mouth.
Is it any wonder that I—Ah, well!—
Over head and heels into love with her fell!

But because she had such a dear little foot,
And a voice that reminded you of a flute,
That is good reason, I don't opine,
That, when I asked her if she'd be mine,
She should utter a wild, unearthly shout,
And open the door and kick me out.

Yet she did! I am truly sorry to say
She served me in this unladylike way;
But I hover around her house at night,
A most forlorn and disconsolate wight;
Yet I think I am somewhat happier
That I have been even kicked by her. J. H. B.

THE TWO WIVES OF DR. ANDREWS.

Surrogate Hutchings has adjourned until September a very interesting will case. The story as far as developed is this: *Dr.* Francis E. Andrews, a native of Baltimore, died on the 22d ult. in Hamilton, Ontario. He is said to have owned in Albany property worth nearly $300,000, and silver mines of great value in Nevada. About thirty years ago he married a young woman in Albany, and by her had several sons and daughters. Twelve or fifteen years ago he became an admirer of Theodore Parker, and was soon afterwards recognized as a leading spiritualist in Albany. He professed to enjoy interviews with the dead, and told his most intimate friends that the spirits had informed him that his wife was unfaithful to him. He visited a well-known medium in Boston and was thus further informed, through "communications," of his wife's infidelity. Family jars were frequent after this, and at length the doctor went to Indiana and after six or eight months' residence obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Subsequently, it is said, he provided well for his divorced wife and his children, and went to the East, traveling in India, China, and Japan. He was one of the originators of the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, and was the person described by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" as the "learned oracle." On his return to New York he fell in love with a beautiful woman and made her his wife, and by her had one or two children. He resumed practice as a physician, and not only had an extensive local business, but corresponded with patients in all parts of the world. He accumulated a large property before his death in 1868. He engaged in making a chemical boiler-cleanser, and had a prospect of making an immense fortune. He was well learned in medicine and chemistry, and his society was courted by many in those professions. He wrote a book on "The Science of Human Life." The volume is the antithesis of Anthony F. Comstock, the exterminator of objectionable literature. Comstock was of Connecticut and sent for a copy of the work. It was mailed to him, and then Comstock made complaint before U. S. Commissioner Osborne in this city, and had Dr. Andrews arrested. The doctor was admitted to bail. The authorities were satisfied that they could not convict him, and he was not tried. He died in the Commercial Hotel in Hamilton. A few days previous to his death he willed to his second wife and her children his property. The petition for the probate of his will was filed on the 30th ult. by Dr. Andrews' old friend and councillor, John G. Boyd of THE CLIPPER BUILDING, who is a physician as well as lawyer. The citation was returnable on the 23d inst. The proponent was obliged to go to Hamilton for the two subscribing witnesses to the will. On the 22d inst., Messrs. Brown, Hall & Vanderpool appeared to contest the will in behalf of Mrs. Martha Andrews of Albany, the first wife, and in behalf of her sons and daughters. They objected to proceeding with the probate of the will on the ground that they had important witnesses, and that they were not sufficiently conversant with all the facts connected with the making of the will, the mental condition of testator, etc., to be able to cross-examine the subscribing witnesses properly. Dr. Boyd, for Mrs. Martha L. Andrews, legatee and devisee named in the will, insisted on proceeding at once, as witnesses had been brought from Canada at great expense to the proponent, and as a delay would entail still greater expense in detaining the witnesses. The Surrogate ordered that counsel for the contestants should be prepared to proceed on the succeeding day, the 24th, and on that day the testimony of S. T. Couch and S. E. Snoxell of Hamilton was taken in support of the will. The hearing was then adjourned until the 5th of September. The first wife, who is in affluent circumstances, insists that she was not legally divorced, and that she and her children have a right to the property. The doctor was about sixty years of age when he died. His remains were conveyed by his second wife from Hamilton to Albany to be interred in the family vault. When they arrived in Albany the first wife and her children were ready to receive them. Wife No. 1 claimed possession of them, and insisted upon a post-mortem examination. By a certificate of death given by the physician who attended the doctor in his last illness, and which was offered in evidence by Dr. Boyd, and by the testimony of the subscribing witnesses to the will, it was shown that the doctor died of erysipelas of the abdomen. Dr. Andrews was one of the founders of a home for fallen women in Albany, and of an asylum for the needy poor of that city. While pursuing his investigations into spiritualism in this city, he happened to be one of those who exposed the trickery of Dr. H. C. Gordon, who was known as a trance-medium.—*N. Y. Sun*, June 30.

A YOUNG WIFE KIDNAPPED AND OUTRAGED.

The following extraordinary story is told by Mrs. Julia Ann Sweet of 107 Clinton place: Mrs. Sweet and her husband came from Providence to this city two weeks ago, the former never having been in New York. They hired an apartment in Clinton place, and Mrs. Sweet obtained employment in Knight's saloon at Hudson and Broome streets. On Saturday night she returned somewhat late from her business, and, unable to obtain admission at her lodgings without arousing all the inmates of the house, she went to a hotel where she was known, and passed the night there. On Sunday morning she went to 41 Watts street to see a cook employed in Knight's saloon. She took a cup of coffee, and shortly afterwards fell into a slumber, from which she became half conscious at intervals later in the day, only to be again drugged into insensibility. At length she sank into profound sleep, from which she did not awake until Monday morning, when she found herself in a room at 198 South Fifth avenue, with a colored ruffian, who threatened to kill her if she made any outcry. In the afternoon he again drugged her into a state of semi-stupor, and, disguising her with some clothes in the room, he took her to the house in Watts street, where she was kept under the influence of narcotics until night. The kidnapper then told her he was going to take her home, and she went out with him, and soon found herself once more in South Fifth avenue. She protested against the outrage, and would have called the police, but he terrified her into silence, and hurried her into the house. When she reached the room in which she had passed the previous night, he repeated the threat that he would shoot her if she made the least effort to escape or summon assistance. He then administered more of the drug, and from that time until Saturday she was kept in a kind of half stupor, and conscious only that she was living with the colored man. On Saturday morning, under the impression that the police were looking for him, he released her on promise that she would not tell anyone what had occurred, at the same time threatening to shoot her if she broke her word. She then went home, and told her husband of the outrage to which she had been subjected. He went to the Police Central Office and informed Capt. Irving. Detective Field, having been detailed to the duty, arrested the negro, who called himself Gabriel Smith. He was committed. Mrs. Sweet is an attractive woman, about twenty-five years of age.—*N. Y. Sun*, June 30.

A DETECTED NEGRESS ATTACKS HER PARAMOUR'S WIFE.—In the big, tropical heart of Francis Rowe, a colored citizen living at the West End, the liberal ideas of Mrs. Woodhull found, long ago, a most congenial lodgment. In short, the passionate son of Africa forgot his wife and babies, and sought in a saucy little colored jade named Amanda Johnson that affinity which his wife had not. This neglected female soon suspected Francis and Amanda for some time, and last evening, being told that if she went to No. 142 Leverett street, she would realize her worst suspicions, she proceeded thither. In an upper room Mrs. Rowe found her husband and Amanda. Remonstrance with her husband Mrs. Rowe found useless, and she resorted to blows, slapping him two or three times. Francis then girded up his loins and left. The tigerish Amanda then rushed on Mrs. Rowe with a weapon, supposed from the nature of the wounds inflicted to be a razor. First Mrs. Rowe had her upper lip nearly cut off, and next her right cheek slashed open. She shouted "Murder!" on which her husband returned, and, as she says, held her while Amanda cut a horrible gash in her left forearm. Wrenching herself from her husband and his paramour, Mrs. Rowe sprang out of the room, and, bleeding profusely, managed to get the Third Station. Lieut. White, who was on duty, sent Officers Curry, Tufts, Quimby and Lynch to the Leverett-street house, where they arrested Amanda, who, Lady Macbeth like, was endeavoring to cleanse her bloody hands. On the officers going out of the house, around which a large crowd had collected, Rowe came up and coolly asked what "all dis trouble was 'bout?" Officer Curry immediately pounced on him, and, with Amanda, he was hauled to the station. Dr. Cilley dressed Mrs. Rowe's wounds, which are not dangerous, though very painful. She was then locked up as a witness, after foolishly trying to screen her husband and excusing his unfaithfulness, with a quite astonishing magnanimity when it is remembered that the bandages on her recently gaping wounds were hardly on. Both Rowe and the Johnson woman are charged with assault with intent to kill, and will be before the Municipal Court this morning.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, June 29.

A NAUGHTY COUPLE PUNISHED.—A case of some importance, or at least one that will be so rated in some high-toned South End circles, was disposed of in the Superior Criminal Court this morning. Charles M. Hapgood, a well-known boot-and-shoe merchant in Pearl street, and a very handsome young girl named Emma Rockwood, coming from a good and reputable family in Newton, were arraigned for criminal intercourse, he for adultery and Emma for fornication, or lewd and lascivious cohabitation. Both parties have, as we understand it, made their marks in society through the avenues of wealth and fashion, and the to them very unexpected termination of their case to-day will make gossip for a good many circles. Mrs. Hapgood, as we are credibly informed, recently commenced proceedings for a divorce, and pending this prosecution this case was brought to the attention of the grand jury and a true bill found, in which Mr. Hapgood was charged with adultery and Emma with fornication. After something of a dreg through the court, the case was called to-day, and the defendants pleading guilty, Mr. Cheeney took occasion to say all that was necessary to induce the Court to punish them, not with a fine, as is often done in such cases, but with a term of imprisonment; and the judgment of the Court was that Miss Emma should go to the House of Correction for six, and Mr. Hapgood for eighteen months. There being no appeal from this sentence, they took a hack, as we understand, and went over to the Point. Such is life.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, June 30.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—An exchange says that Francis Osborn, a farm laborer, aged thirty, was arrested June 30, near Bronxville, in the city of Yonkers, N. Y., by Patrolman Emery, on a charge of having perpetrated an atrocious criminal assault on Mary Bouchere, a French girl of fourteen years. It appears that Mary, who is a domestic servant in the employ of a family named Grapaunch, at Bronxville, was engaged raking hay in the orchard, when Osborn scaled the fence, and, seizing her by the throat, threw her to the ground, her head being horribly cut by coming in contact with a large stone. In addition to this the prisoner struck her several blows in the face, completely closing one eye and otherwise disfiguring her. In order to accomplish his fiendish purpose the wretch had to beat his victim into a state of insensibility, and she now lies in a critical condition. The prisoner was locked up to await the result of her injuries.

DECEIVED AND DRIVEN TO DEATH.—Some time ago a young girl of sixteen, or thereabouts, was betrayed in some town in the Cumberland Valley. As she made the fact known to her parents she was driven from home. Having a brother in Altoona, she came to this place, hoping he would be more lenient with her, and protect her. Instead, the wretch took her in a carriage to the almshouse and told her she would find aid there. Not being accustomed to such treatment, she concluded she would go to Hollidaysburg and see if she could not find a friend there. Not being successful, she was taken back to the almshouse, and the day following was delivered of a child. She lingered but a short time. It is supposed she died of a broken heart. She said no one loved her, and she did not wish to live. The child is doing well.—*Altoona* (Pa.) *Evening Mirror*, June 25.

ATTEMPTED TO VIOLATE HIS STEPDAUGHTER.—In General Sessions yesterday James Montague was arraigned on a charge of criminal assault upon his own stepdaughter, a little girl not more than ten years of age, named Georgiana Eckels, who told a most revolting story. The outrage was committed about two weeks ago, at the house of the prisoner, No. 133 West Nineteenth street, during the temporary absence of his wife. No evidence was offered by the defense, and by the advice of his counsel the prisoner entered a plea of guilty of an attempt at rape. The Recorder then stated that he was not disposed to hold out give him a heavier sentence than the law allowed, but he would give him the extent of the law—ten years in State Prison at hard labor.—*N. Y. Star*, June 27.

HADN'T THE COURAGE.—Yesterday, says *The Altoona* (Pa.) *Mirror* of June 25, a lady and gentleman from the country took their supper at an up-town hotel. In the evening they visited (or intended to do so) a parson, a few doors from the hotel, to be married. The young lady, whose courage failed when she arrived at the parsonage, rushed frantically back to the hotel, and locked herself in her room. The party left this morning, looking rather sheepish.

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"TABARIN,"

a two-act comedy by M. Paul Ferrier, was produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, France, June 15. The criticisms of the piece are generally of an uncomplimentary character, and an extended run was not expected. The plot of the piece turns on a painful incident in the life of a strolling player, under whose buffoon's garb beats the warm heart of a loving husband. The subject is one which, if not exactly hackneyed, can hardly be called new, for it has already afforded material to the playwrights of several countries. Tabarin, it should be stated at the outset, was early in the seventeenth century a favorite with the Parisians, among whom his fame as a low-comedian became quite a byword, and his name, after continuing success for eight or ten years, suddenly disappeared from the noisy scene of his triumphs, to be handed down to later generations as a puzzle to learned archæologists, who have concerned themselves not a little with rather fruitless researches as to the history of his strangely chequered career. Into the results of these inquiries it is not necessary to enter here; suffice it to say that Tabarin was in the service of a famous quack of the period, one Doctor Montdor, and that by the aid of the buffoon's talent his employer was able to drive a roaring trade in his love-philters and elixirs. The action of the comedy takes place on the Pont Neuf, where Montdor's show is erected, the statue of Henry IV appearing above it, with the towers of Notre Dame in the distance. The scene is admirably contrived, and all the stage accessories are perfect. Tabarin is deeply attached to his wife, but his love is not returned, and Francisquine deceives him shamelessly. The wretched man is frantically jealous, but he endeavors to mask, by his professional gayety, the tortures to which his unrequited love condemns him, and when his sufferings grow so keen that endurance seems no longer possible he drowns his domestic trouble at the wine-shop in the vain hope that an orgie will bring forgetfulness. But drunkenness has lost its effect upon him, and even when almost deprived of his senses his love for the faithless wife is still uppermost in his mind, to gall and torment him at home and abroad. And while the wretched husband is racked by the pangs of unavailing jealousy, Francisquine deceives him openly in company with a young fellow of good family named Gauthier, who is so much smitten with his mistress that he engages himself in Montdor's company in order to be always near her. So that the unhappy Tabarin finds himself condemned to be the close witness of their *liaison*, and without hope of escape from the sufferings it entails upon him. He has to mount the rickety boards day by day, to stifle the torments that oppress him, and to amuse the silly, gaping crowds of idlers while the two guilty ones enact before his eyes, with a reality which strikes home only too surely to his poor broken heart, the lovers' parts for which they have been cast. One evening, when the audience is particularly numerous, when the wretched mountebank seems more than usually gay, the piece is suddenly interrupted at the most critical moment by a looker-on, who turns out to be Gauthier's father. He makes a great disturbance as he claims his prodigal son, and the sympathies of the audience are at once enlisted in his favor to such an extent that Francisquine's lover becomes speedily a mark for popular groans and sundry well-aimed potatoes, oranges, and similar missiles. Gauthier loses his head in the midst of the general excitement, and, seeing no other refuge from the popular fury and the hands of the law, takes to flight with Francisquine. Tabarin suddenly finds himself alone, and, as the truth of the terrible situation flashes upon him, his mind seems completely to give way, and he gives vent to a storm of frenzied rage that proves how completely he has lost all mastery over himself. He forgets the jokes of his part, and in their place gives loose rein in the wildest language to a feverish expression of the feelings by which he is distracted. But the spectators, little dreaming how terrible is the new drama being enacted before their eyes, take all he says as part of the play; they look on the writhings of his agonized frame as the grimaces of the buffoon, not as the effects of a broken heart, and without understanding their meaning think his fiery words all tend to some exciting and unexpected development of the plot. They applaud the miserable actor to the echo, and when he tells them he will return in a few over, that what they witness is not the feigned agony of the mountebank, but the too real anguish of a husband from whom his wife has been stolen, they continue their acclamations. Even when Montdor, with reproaches for their blind inhumanity, appeals to them for indulgence, the majority of those present insist that the play shall go on, and it is not until Tabarin, his agonized feelings quite overpowering him, falls senseless into his employer's arms that the truth begins to dawn upon the female portion of the audience. Sympathy with the unhappy actor becomes general just as the faithless wife suddenly returns. She has left her lover, and comes back repentant and reformed, to pray pardon and love at the feet of her injured husband. The people, indignant at her conduct, rise at her with fury, and she is in peril of her life at their angry hands, when Tabarin, roused from his trance by the accents of her beloved voice, comes to her rescue, receives her with open arms, and declares to the surging crowd that all had been arranged beforehand, that it was only the conclusion of the piece they were witnessing, and that the marvelous effects of love detailed in the drama they had just seen enacted were solely due to a potent elixir which could only be obtained from Dr. Montdor.

"LIFE DOWN SOUTH"

is the name of a new four-act drama written by R. F. Cantrell, the chief incidents of which are founded upon those scenes of slavery which were the cause of its abolition in the United States, and there is a great similarity between the present play and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The scene is laid at a plantation called Sandy Creek, where the slaves had been kindly treated by the planter, Mr. Timothy Devereux, who had taken into his service, as manager, Stuart Cleveland, whose father, having married a half-caste girl, was anxious to secure his son from any future misfortunes owing to this marriage, and took care to have papers declaring his freedom deposited with Mr. Devereux. But a leaf had been torn from the registry of his marriage, which leaf is brought to Mr. Devereux by an old Jew who has found it in the plantation. News arrives at this moment of the failure of a bank in New Orleans, and, hastily depositing the papers in an open desk, the planter hurries to ascertain if the bad news is true, when a planter, of the type made familiar by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, arrives and offers to relieve Mr. Devereux from his difficulties if Miss Flora Devereux, his daughter, will consent to become his wife. This the young lady has not the slightest inclination to do, for she loves and is beloved by Stuart Cleveland, and an angry scene takes place between these rivals in consequence. However, Jubal Molash, the worthy alluded to, has money, and Mr. Devereux is ruined. He, therefore, buys up the plantation, slaves and all, and the old family have to leave. Not, however, Stuart Cleveland; for, by rummaging in the planter's desk, Jubal Molash has discovered the hold he has upon Cleveland, and claims him also as a slave. Molash is aided in his designs by a slave-driver, who flogs every nigger he comes near; but some of them, goaded by their wrongs, make their escape, and among them Nicodemus and Lasso, two happy-go-lucky boys on the plantation, one of whom before running away had done Cleveland good service by securing the papers proving his freedom and the marriage of his father, when Jubal Molash had placed them on the fire. Cleveland, finding that others have escaped, makes a struggle for freedom himself, and, after many narrow escapes, reaches the Canadian frontier, being kindly aided by American Indians. He obtains employment, and, what is more, meets with Flora, and the young pair marry. Some months after the escaped slaves Nicodemus and Lasso find their way to this domicile, and Cleveland learns that the papers of so much value to him are still at Sandy Creek. With the assistance of the Indians and the escaped slaves Sandy Creek is attacked, and Stuart Cleveland after all his troubles is enabled to prove himself a freeman.

"Is You a Friend ob de Cullud Man?"

"Here is your nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man as the cars stopped at a North Carolina railway station. "Here is your nice roast chick'en 'n taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate and walking the platform.

"Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asked a passenger.

Uncle looked at the intruder sharply, and then turned away, crying:

"Here's yer nice roast chick'n, genti'm'n, all hot; needn't go in the house for dat."

"Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger.

"Look-a-yer," says uncle, speaking privately; "is you from de Norf?"

"Yes."

"Is you a friend ob de cullud man?"

"I hope I am."

"Den don't you nebber ask me where I got dat chick'n ag'in. Here's yer nice roast chick'n, all hot.'

The train started.

HOW TO FIND OUT ABOUT IT.—We made the statement that advertisements are very generally read. If anyone of a practical turn of mind desires to test the accuracy of such a statement, and at the same time learn the effect of advertising on business, let him advertise in two lines, in the most obscure part of some newspaper, that he wants to buy a dog. If he does not want the visitation this will bring him. Let him insert a line in the midst of a batch of other advertisements that he will no longer pay his wife's bills, and then go about among his acquaintances and observe if there is anything peculiar in their manner that would seem to imply that they had read the notice.

BETTER THAN A CIRCUS.

The Fun of Barrel-rolling.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

More interest centres in the mere act of rolling a barrel home than in half the high-toned shows in the land. Tossing a thoroughbred mule is simply stale, compared with it.

These ideas occurred to us the other day, while watching a sedate, moral citizen engaged in the pleasant pastime of rolling home a well-developed kerosene barrel. With a conscious air of self-possession, he placed the cylinder upon the sidewalk, raised his foot and planted a healthy kick upon its circumference, and, without awaiting results, started on a prompt run to follow it up. He wouldn't believe that he could have made such a miscalculation; but there the barrel was, spinning away out into the middle of the street at right angles with its predestined course.

A moment's reflection was the extent of the applause that this performance received, and then the owner started after the barrel and brought it carefully back to the sidewalk, holding it by the chines with a grip that sent all the blood to his finger-ends. This was done calmly enough, but the most casual observer could not help noticing the look of surprise and indignation that settled upon his features meanwhile.

When he reached the sidewalk, our friend laid his barrel carefully down, taking particular pains to have it just even with the crack. Then he stepped back, entered into a mental calculation, and finally gave the barrel a subdued kick. All right; good progress!

With a will that a man will sometimes assume who thinks he has mastered some difficult problem and is "posted," our friend posed himself jauntily and "let drive" again. The barrel started with good velocity, and then instantly described an astonishingly short curve, and bounced "whack!" up against his shins.

"Oh, crackey!" he groaned, and reached down instantly for his sorest shin. But he recovered as soon as he thought of his standing in the church, and set about remedying the matter.

He had thus far progressed about eight feet towards home, and the weather looked showery and threatening. This naturally made him feel in a hurry. Besides, a number of boys had concentrated in the vicinity, and were silently taking observations from points of security.

This time he started the barrel with his hands until he got it nicely to rolling. Then he hit it a gentle tap with his No. 8, accelerating its speed somewhat, and followed it up with another and another of very moderate force, until he was convinced he had "got the hang of the thing" at last. Then he commenced to increase the force of his blows. This worked well, and thinking he might just as well get along a little faster and get away from those boys, whose numbers had most mysteriously increased during the last few moments, he gave her a good one.

Out started the wooden cylinder, and our friend struck into a trot to keep up. Just as he was raising his foot to add a little more propulsive power, the infernal thing ran against the eighth lamp-post, and stopped short! Our deluded citizen could not recover himself, and there was a collision!

Now, there's nothing in this wide world equal to a barrel to fall over. It seems, more than anything else, to have the faculty of completely upsetting a man. The leaning against a lamp-post, the bulge and the toes run under, and a fellow just commences to fall from the top down, like a dying sky-rocket.

Our friend stretched himself over that barrel in the most absurd manner! His feet were firmly planted on one side and his elbows on the other, while his coat-tails capped his head, and his suspenders-buttons flew up the back of his vest. He exerted muscle enough to push himself up by his elbows, and he couldn't gracefully turn a somersault; besides, the boys had begun to let off sarcastic observations concerning his sobriety, and *this* bothered; so he was eventually compelled to roll sideways off the barrel and regain his full length upon the walk before he could get into an upright position once more. His knees and elbows were skinned, and his feelings were still more abrased; and the boys had increased to frightful numbers—a howling, shrieking set of young demons. When he discovered all these things, and the full extent of his misfortune, he turned on him, he grabbed his pants behind and swore, and he's ordinarily a good man, too.

His conceit was completely smothered, and with a dismal cast of countenance and a tear-broken voice, he hailed a passing drayman, who took his barrel home for a quarter, while he stepped into a drygoods store after some pins. A. B. H.

A SHOWMAN'S GRATITUDE.

It must have been in or about the year 1830, that a peripatetic circus company pitched their tent in the village of Staunton, in the Valley of Virginia, for the profit to be reaped from the patronage of country gentry, yokel, and plantation hands, and gave such entertainment of light fantastic equestrianism, athletic contortion, and ground-and-lofty tumbling as has not yet lost its periodical zest for rural neighborhoods. The small village inn and every other receptacle for human guests in the place, were taxed to give temporary domicile to the small army of show-people; but one there was of the cavalcade who, instead of billeting with his comrades, took the first opportunity to slip away from both tent and village, and follow a road winding afar among retired plantations.

This was a mere boy, haggard, and precociously rueful of glance and figure, escaping from a bondage in which frequent stripes had not been wanting to make him something lower than a horse in nightly feats of the arena. Things had come to such a pitch in his maltreated young life that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the lash-countered tinsel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Brittingham plantation he began his new career by asking at the door for a glass of water. The sight of a white boy on the tramp was a novelty for that part of the country in those patriotic days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene. Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Brittingham, the fugitive Smike of the circus frankly revealed his story and situation, and that with a piteous earnestness of manner that was not without effect in contorted sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good old, hearty, hospitable style, and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

Thenceforth the runaway of the ring was a privileged inmate of the fine house for a year, enjoying every kindness that benevolence could devise; but at the end of that period, when another circus was tented in neighboring Staunton, and he went there with the throng to see, the influence of the old habit proved stronger in his nature than the newer ambition, and the boy, being naturally of sawdust, to the astonishment of himself, as well as others, without something gained for the refinement of his whole future life, in a sentiment of ardent gratitude to his benefactors, and an ardor to excel in his natural lot for the honor of that beneficent emotion. Only a circus-rider was he again, to be sure; but the something of a better regard to sex, and then the Southerner begged off as well as he could by finally consenting to accept a loan—only that—of $5,000 for the purchase of the farm.

The Yankee would not "let up on him," to use his own words, a cent cheaper, and added a season ticket to the show for the whole family. Two years later the aforesaid cut-and-out, double-twisted, dyed-in-the-wool Down-easter was at Washington with his "city of tents," chromatic posters, unrivaled array of talent, and other epizootic symptoms. One night, after the performance, he was sitting in the room of his hotel, making merry with certain friends, when a card was brought to him by a waiter, followed by its immediately invited owner. Mr. Brittingham of Kansas, now in a high state of agricultural affluence, had called to pay back that loan, on his way down to Virginia to see what could be done for the restoration of the old place.

"He wants to pay me back, gentlemen—pay me back!" ejaculated the showman, by way of general introduction to the company. "Why, Heaven bless you, my boy, if it was twenty-five thousand I'd dodge you as many years to make you keep it—and a hundred thousand more. You're the son of the best man that ever lived; a man that made a man of me; and I'd like to see myself paid back."

Now for a flourish by the band; enter Master Jack Robinson, all a-tremble on a slippery calico steed, to be soundly lashed in private if he don't keep on; sound again, and enter Signor Jacques L'Oiseaulle, on two piebald thoroughbreds, at $100 a week; one more crash, and behold the mammoth equestrian enterprise of the age, exclusively commanded and owned by the former Smike of the Staunton Dotheboys' Circus. There's nothing very polite or nicely intellectual about all this; but sawdust is as good as any other soil for the planting of kind deeds, and the horse going round the ring with his rider does not trample down what grows perennial from that style of seed to fill rude lives with a memorial incense to the gods.

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BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. CHICAGO.

The Chicago White Stockings concluded their Eastern tour on the 1st of July by playing their third championship game with the Athletics on the ground of the latter club in Philadelphia. The weather was pleasant, and the attendance—about fifteen hundred persons—being quite large, when the recent reverses sustained by the unfortunate Chicagos are taken into consideration. The betting was in favor of the Athletics at odds of 100 to 30, although Fisler was too badly hurt in a preceding game to be able to play on this occasion with the Athletics, and the Chicagos had put forth their full strength, Malone making his reappearance behind the bat. Al. Reach acted as substitute for Fisler, and played right-field for the Athletics, Anson going out at second by Mutation last season. The umpire was Charles Gould of the Baltimores, a gentleman of undoubted integrity and impartiality, although not so well posted in regard to calling wides and balls as he might be. The Athletics—who went first to the bat—failed to score the first two innings; McGeary, the only one to pause that this performance received, and then the owner started after the barrel and brought it carefully back to the sidewalk, holding it by the chines with a grip that sent all the blood to his finger-ends. This was done calmly enough, but the most casual observer could not help noticing the look of surprise and indignation that settled upon his features meanwhile.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents o. the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnot, Louise
Arnot, Jennie
Baker, Mad. P. F.
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie
Bateman, Alice
Basye, Julia S.
Benedict, Mrs. Lew
Chilson, Lottie B.
Chilson, Frank M.
Crabtree, Mrs.
Childs, Annie
Chapman, Ella (2)&c.
Clifton, Marian F.
Chester, Minnie
Cooper, Mrs. Minnie
Collins, Annie
Dresser, Mrs. Laura B.
Dark, Lizzie
D'Este, Helen
Daly, Polly
Delmay, Lulu
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Earle, Tillie
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Eastman, Lillie
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Fuller, Blanche

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Johnny
Ames, Emile (2)
Attwood, Capt. J. B.
Adams, Geo. H. 10c.
Anderson, J. (with Haight's Circus)
Adams, Edwin (2)
Allyne, E. T. J.
Bishop, Chas. B.
Brown, Edwin (manager)
Blanchett, Chas. E.
Blood, Harry (with Ed. Brown Co.)
Blake, O. S.
Brown, Ben (with Wagner)
Bruce Bros.
Budworth, Jas. H.
Brooker, Edwin H. (2)
Burke, Jno. M.
Burke's Agent, Jno. M
Beiston, H. F.
Bloodgood, Harry
Byron, Fred
Blanchard, Harry
Barnes, Lucien
Barney & Rickey
Brown, Ry (with Ed. B. Brown)
Blitz, Francois R.
Beverly, C. Stewart
Barr, Frank C.
Bush, Irvin T. (2)
Bolas, Thos. (fakir) (2)
Balletta, Geo.
Brotherton, Frank
Brazendale, Thos.
Burton, Clarence
Byers, Wm.
Blitz, Prof. Jerome
Bliss, Chas.
Bell, Frank
Barnard, D. Sc.
Collins, F. (of Lew & Frank Collins)
Culley, Frank B.
Clark, Jas. (Irish comed.)
Carroll, Rich'd
Cordello, Chas.
Cook, Jas. E. (with Jno. Murray)
Clark, Philo
Collier, E. K.
Cox, Abe
Cotton, E. G.
Cole, Sam (of Cole's Circus)
Carle, C.
Cook, Louis E.
Collins, O. B.
Conant, R. B.
Costello, Edward
Colcleugh, W. E.
Costello, Geo.
Caffee, A. E.
Bowles, Jno. B.
Callender, Chas.
Carleton, Will
Bowling, Geo. S.
Barton, Robt.
"Diorama"
Ducello, Dan
Denno, Tony
Dayton, Tommy
Duprez & Benedict
Delehanty & Heenler
De Bar, Ben
Duffield, S. B.
Day, Chas. H.
Dobson, Frank
De Leon, T. G.
Dykeman, Edward
De Castro (magician)
Dupre, Chas. H.
Emmerson & Clark
Emmett, Wm. (2)
Fox, Nat
Fitz Simmons, Jas.
Fostelle, Chas.
Frankum, Geo. (circus "biz")
Fox, Joe (with Dup. & Bened.)
Freeman, Jas. H.
Fearn, Thos.
Fortescue, Geo. K. (2)
Fredericks, Wm.
Farrar, Jno. V.
Florance, George (with Del. & Allen.)
Fuller, Wm.
Forrester's C.
Gooding, F. D.
Garword, Chas. H.
Goodall, Prof. J. N.
Griffin & Rice
Gardner, Mark (4)
Goshan, Petre
Gardner, C. A.
Garland, Low
Goss, Ned
Hodgey & Thompson
Hanson, T. S.
Hooker, Geo.
Hart, Bob
Hall, Alfred
Healy, Dr. Jno. E.
Hermann, M. (magician)
Hendricks, D.
Hamilton, Alphonso
Haverly, Jno. H. (2)
Hamilton, Geo. C.
Hall, T. S.
Hodges, D. B.
Hollesworth, — (vocalist)
Hindmarsh, W. H.
Hudson, Harry
Hamilton, Theo.
Hoskins, William (comed.)
Howard, Langrishe & Carle 3c.
Henri, Hi (2)
Hicks, C. B.
Hall, E. M.
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hall's Constellation
Hamilton, Barney A.
Harrison, Charlie (humor.)
Jerome, R.
Jones, Frank (musical "moke")
Johnson, Emma
Johnston, Leonard
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Lazarde, Mrs. Frank
Leon, Mrs. Nellie E.
Lillie, Alice
Moritz, Hulda 9c.
Montague, Fannie
Morgan, Etta
Mor, Georgie
Manning, Billy
Maeder, Frank C. (2)
McDonald, Jno. G.
Mackenzie, Archie
Nickle, J. (Robt. (magician)
Nesbitt, Harry C.
Nelson & Sons, Prof.
Norris, Jas. W (actor) 12c.
Newcombe, Wm.
Wallace
Oglesby, R. M.
O'Brien, Dave (2)
Onondonbro, J. B.
Parento, Henry
Pendy, Jno. E.
Pettit & White
Purcell — (engraver)
Pfaff, Daniel
Pastor, Frank
Potter, Chas. A (agent)
Pedanto, Mr.
Passenger, Herbert
Price, Wally
Page, Frank A. 6c.
Pell, W. H. 10c.
Pfaff, Henry
Pierce, Wm.
Phillips, J. R.
Quinn, Eddie
Rogers, Loraine (2)
Remar, A.
Rohrer, Hugh
Rainforth Family
Reichling, Chas.
Rosetter, Jno.
Rainforth, Sam
Rogers, Nat
Roberts, N. D.
Reynolds, Barney & Lizzie Shelton)
Robinson, Hy. (minstrel)
Rothwell, Tom G.
Rinehart, Sam
Ryan, Sam E.
Stanley, Burton
Saville, Stephen
Shelby, Jno. H.
Sandford, J.
Steere, L. M. W.
Showers, Andy
Sharpley, Frank L.
Sharpley, Sam
Sivalls, Chas.
Snyder, Ike (of Zig-a-zag Comb.)
Smith, Jas. M.
Showles, Col. J. J. (2)
Sharp, C. H. A. (3) 3c.
Sage, M. H.
Sullivan, Jas.
Sudava, R. W.
Scott, Geo. H.
Scott, Robt. (with South. Cir.)
Sheridan, J. F.
Seward, Geo. W. (minstrel "biz")
Thompson, Jno.
Tim, Tracy W.
Thatcher & Mack
Tremain, Geo. R.
Thatcher, Sol
Tuttle, Jerome
Thompson, Geo. W.
Taylor, Joe (banjoist)
Valdes, Victor
Von Bhun, Hugo
Volkes' Concert Troupe
Villa, Sam B.
Webster, Chas.
Warden, Edward Adams
Whitney, Johnny
Woodson, Joe R. (2)
Wagner, Cal (6)
Walla Wall, Edward A.
Walters & Morton
Williams, Gus
Williams, Bob
Williams, Harry H.
Washburn, E. S.
Warwick, Jack
Wentworth, Walter
West, Alban S.
Watson, Edwin Georgo
Williams & Dutton
Ware, Geo. (2)
Wildman, Fred J. (2)
Wallace, B. W.
Ziegler & Co., Chas.

Neville, Emma J.
O'Neil, Kitty
Putnam, Katie
Ryan, Mrs. Beivil (2)
Richards, Pauline
Redmond, Miss M. A.
Rainford, Alice
Stanley, Blanche
Selwyn, Blanche
Sherwood, Belle
Schroetter Sisters
St. Clair, Sadia
Stout, Mrs. Wm.
Smith Sisters
Hilton, Maude
Tracey, Imogene (2) 45c.
Tyson, Kittie M.
Thompson, Lydia (2)
Tyson, Annie 6c.
Vadis Sisters, Agent
Vadis Sisters, Agent
Violetia, Mlle.
Willard, Alice
Wildman, Clara 12c.
Wells, Minnie
Zittella, Mlle. (2)

CHICAGO CONFLICT.

OR HART VS. STETSON VS. GROVER.

"New York's good enough for me."—JOSH HART.
"Meet me at Scollay's square on Friday."—JOHN STETSON.
"I mean to fight it out on this line," etc.—LEONARD GROVER.

ACADEMY.

In vain the active Stetson's plans—
The truth must e'en be told—
The weather coming up so *hot*,
"Knocked all the party *cold*."
Sam Bickley, with Barney's aid,
Tried all that mortal can;
McAndrews did a bran-new (?) act:
"The Watermelon Man."
Though Nelson twirled his lovely boys
From shoulder, foot, and haunch;
Though Selwyn "Strolled upon the Sands"
A charming "*Seaside Blanche*."
Though Ada Richmond showed us how
A Boston seraph sings;
Though Maffit & Bartholomew
Did agonizing things;
Though Coes was every way *jo*-cose,
And always charmed the ear;
Though Williams did his level best,
And "*Gussed*" the atmosphere:
Though fair Delmay, the dashing sprite,
Displayed her voice and form;
And *Schofield* did his *footcraft* well—
The people were *luke*warm.
In vain the town was "billed to death"
By Mr. Hennet's able corps;
This really very splendid troupe
Did everything—but draw!

MYERS.

No better fared the genial Hart
With his unique array;
The people read the gorgeous bills,
And calmly staid away.
Though Harrigan and Tony Hart
Were flooding them with "acts,"
Though Johnny *Wild* was never *tame*,
And Martin never lax:
Though Stout McKee sang "Tooralilee,"
And told the Grangers' cares,
And Carter tuned his "Georgian harp"
To almost empty chairs;
Though jolly *Stoute* grew really *thin*
With work and otherwise;
And Bennett, with perspiring nose,
Would sing of "Dreaming Eyes,"
In vain the pretty, piquante Foys
Let loose their voices sweet,
And told us of gymnastic acts
On "Grimes' Cellar-door!"
The few that did come in the house
Were very warm affairs,
And crowded near the orchestra
To *feel the different airs*.

Both Hart and Stetson in a breath
Were plainly heard to cry:
"Chicago is my Waterloo,
And *we at Lower I*!"

ADELPHI.

Len Grover sits in his manager's chair,
And sings with a gentle roar:
"If you think you haven't had enough,
Come back and get some more."

CITY SUMMARY.

The Season of 1873-4.

We this week present our readers with a summary of the business of several theatres in this city during the season which has recently closed. In next week's CLIPPER the business at the remainder will be given.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The Fall and Winter season of 1873-4 was inaugurated on Sept. 22, Miss Ettie Henderson commencing in "Little Sunshine," preceded by a farce called "Curiosity." The stock company and officers were as follows: J. P. Winter, Chas. Foster, George Archer, E. W. Huston, John Foster, C. Connolly, J. L. Mason, J. Sambrook, Jake Berry, Thomas Graham, W. A. Gregston, George Hamilton, Wilson Barclay, Gregory Sembler, E. Howard, Miss A. Mc. G. Jones, Mrs. R. G. France, Mrs. P. C. Connolly, the Misses Polly Booth, Belle Berry, Nellie Meeker, Tillie Malters, Mabbe Malters, Grey, Walker, Della Myrtle, Allie St. Clair and E. Wilmott. The officers were: Harry Seymour, stage-manager; Charles Foster, dramatist; A. Vanderwerken, machinist; W. A. Morgan, scenic artist; B. J. Woodside, musical director; Thomas W. Keene, gas-meter; Y. Hofeie, properties; and Miss Walker, costumes. Wm. B. Freligh, manager, and John J. Jones, treasurer. On the 29th, "Life, its Morn and Sunset," was acted for the first time, and preceded by "Fritz's Perplexities" was acted until Oct. 3, when it was much abridged, and with "Devereux" was performed the rest of the week. On Oct. 5, 7, Mlle. Zoe in "Hans Snyder" and "Nita," "The French Spy" and "The Flying Dutchman" 8, 9, "Buried Alive," "Notre Dame" and "The Broken Sword" 10, "The Irish Emigrant" and "The French Spy" and "Jack Sheppard" 12, 13, E. T. Stetson commenced in "Macbeth," "Richelieu" 14, "The Robbers" 15, "Othello" 16, "Hamlet" 17, "Richard III" 19, "Irish Love" commenced the performance on the 21st, when it gave place to "The Bear Hunters." John and Maggie Fielding commenced in "The Pedigreed Boom," which ran one week. It was preceded until Thursday by "Ginger Snaps," which gave place to "Blackeyed Susan," and on Friday and Saturday to "Notre Dame." "Washed Ashore" was produced Oct. 27 and acted 28, being preceded by "A Kiss in the Dark," and the Fieldings continued their engagement, appearing between the pieces in their musical sketches. 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, "Sam," "Satan in Paris," and "Satan in Philadelphia," 2, "Blacksmith of Antwerp" and "Captain Spruce the Highwayman" were given. Nov. 3, "Daniel Boone" was produced, and preceded by "The German Donation" was acted during the week. On Nov. 10, Goshen made his debut in "The Giant's Causeway," which ran one week. Up to Saturday "Daniel Boone" was acted with it, and then "Rip Van Winkle" and "Hands Across the Sea" and "Der Freischutz" were performed. 17, Miss Kate Raymond began in "Our City," then presented for the first time on the Bowery stage. It was preceded by "Heaven Defend the Right" and supplemented by "Moses in the Bowery," which bill was continued until Friday, and on that and the following evening "Our City" and "Jack Sheppard" were performed. 24 formed the bill. 24, Louis Sylvester began in "Nip," which was preceded by "1000 Young Ladies for Cuba." At the Thanksgiving matinee, 27, "Hands of Spain," "Solon Shingle," "Toodles" and "Irishman's Home;" evening, "Katy Did," "German Donation" and "Irishman's Home," which were repeated 28, and the

probably close with this benefit. Tony Pastor brings his troupe to Hooley's next (this) week, he having taken Mr. Stetson's time. Tony will not go to the Academy at all.....Leon De Leon and the fragments of the Chicago Theatre wreck have gone up to Milwaukee, to play at the Academy of Music in that city on the Fourth of July. Advices dated July 2.

Miss ADA LAURENT and Miss Lillie Linden were the fresh attractions at Martin's New Variety Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on June 29. Miss Laurent was seen to advantage in "The Mystery, or Dancing as it Is and Was," portraying eight distinct characters and executing seven dances of opposite styles. Miss Linden's vocalization gained for her encores. James Roche, Tom Harper, Nell West, Lizzie Conway, and Messrs. Hart, Shay and Conway give new acts. Gold is announced as being given away every night at this establishment.....Another change in the management of the Olympic Theatre has taken place, Wm. Barrett being now the manager; W. E. Harland, late of the Lexington Athenæum, business manager and treasurer; and Charles Harrington, stage-manager. The company consists of Nellie Barret, Maggie Hughes, the Clare Sisters, Nellie Webster, Charles Ravell, John Norton, Harry Budworth and Billy Kaye. On June 27 Leo Rouloff and T. J. Smith had a benefit at this house. Nearly every seat in the theatre was occupied, and the regular company was reinforced by a number of volunteers, among whom was Baby George the child wonder. He appeared in character sketches, and his performances were remarkably clever, considering his tender age, and the audience testified its appreciation of his efforts by according him generous and honest applause.....Manager Fred Aims has returned from paying his respects to Chicago.....The place known as Fred Aims' American Theatre last season is undergoing extensive repairs. Advices dated July 3.

BILLY ALLEN and Charley Lord were announced to dance a match for $100 a side at Smith's Opera-house, Jersey City, N. J., on July 6.

MLLE. CORA, trapeze artiste, and the Austin Brothers, gymnasts, were the new appearances at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on June 29, and each received a warm welcome. On account of the intensely warm weather and the slim attendance, the management wisely concluded to end the Summer season on July 4, and the theatre will remain closed until Sept. 1. La Belle Pauline and Miss Ida Morton go to Indianapolis, the rest of the company remain for the present.

THERE WERE NO NEW FACES at the Detroit Theatre Comique on June 29, as Hannah Birch was ill and could not appear. The past was the closing week of the season. Nearly all the performers will lay off there for a few weeks during the hot weather. Joe A. Gulick goes to Cleveland, July 20; Joe Norton joins the Fox & Denier party Sept. 1. Harris and Carroll, also Helen Revere, open at Shelby's, Buffalo, July 20.

A LEADING LADY and singing soubrette are wanted for the season of 1874-5; also, a juvenile man. For address see another part of this issue.

GEO. HOOPER, Irish comedian, etc., assisted by an efficient company, will visit the principal cities of the United States and Provinces during the coming season, to commence in September. Managers desirous of engaging this company should communicate with Jos. H. Keane, whose address is care of this office.

PROF. FRANCIS, wizard and juggler, is at present engaged at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., where he can be addressed by managers desiring to engage him.

FRED COSTELLO wishes us to state that he is engaged at Smith's Opera-house, Jersey City, N. J., and not East Saginaw, Mich., as was erroneously stated in an advertisement in our issue.

J. H. MILLER, proprietor of the American Garden, Pittsburg, Pa., advertises for Ethiopian comedians, song-and-dance men and lady vocalists.

MCGINNESS' GEM CONSTELLATION, which was seen at Mansfield, Ill., June 29, Mahomet 30, will be at Charleston July 4, and will reorganize for next season about the middle of August.

LEW PARKER, now performing at Ward's Cricket Varieties, Denver, Col., was presented on June 23, by his wife, with a "bouncing" girl.

ABE LEE is to join Nat Hyam's Comedy Combination.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Grand Rapids, Mich., James and Baby McDonald opened June 29. Ella Sheldon and Nellie Edwards were engaged to appear, but disappointed the management. Erina Carleton and Tommy Haywood appear in Fort Wayne, Ind., July 6. The Mendells close July 4, going to Cleveland 6.

LITTLE ERNY, the youngest son of Fred and Lizzie Byron, died at their residence in Brooklyn, E. D., on July 2, at the age of five months.

THE NEW PEOPLE appearing at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on June 29 were Sheffer and Nelson, J. H. Malmberg, Mlle. Zoe and Mons. Renel. The songs-and-dances of the former are first-class, and the trapeze acts of the latter denote long experience in that business. The recitation of "Shamus O'Brien" by Mr. Malmberg was hardly up to the mark. The performance concluded nightly with Hart and Gorman's local sensation of "Escaped from Columbus," given in nine scenes, and playing in about forty minutes. The departures after the 4th will be Tommy Neil to Shelby's, Buffalo; Susie Starr and Eugene H. Gorman to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, New York.....Hussey's Constellation (formerly Hussey and Rosalin) are to appear at Massillon, O., July 4.....Ed. French, banjoist, is at present here. He informs us he will join Haverly's Minstrels soon. Advices dated July 3.

JAS. M. BRADFORD is prepared to negotiate with variety managers for the production of J. W. Wallace's sensational drama of "Revenge, or the Phantom Witness." Address as per advertisement.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to July 3 is sent to the following effect by our correspondent: "At Wood's, the Tony Pastor party has done a very fair business this week. The only new addition to the company has been Sam Collyer, who appeared each evening as Joe Kidd, in a little drama called 'The Champion of the Ring,' introducing sparring, etc. He closed last night, and left this morning for Columbus, O., where he is to appear in conjunction with Barney Aaron. The remainder of the company have given a fresh programme, not materially differing, however, from that reported last week. They close to-morrow, going hence to Chicago..... At the National this week business has been rather light. The closures have been Charles Young, Horace Rushby, Marian Young, John Conklin, Mlle. Sanyeah, and George Morton. Conklin and Sanyeah went to Fort Wayne, Ind. The new people this week have been Prof. Guise, prestidigitateur; Baby Ardine, child vocalist; John Tweedy, song-and-dance; and Harrison and Francis, song-and-dance. The Summer season will be closed to-morrow, 4th. Lew and Ida Bernard, the stage-manager, will take a complimentary benefit, which will probably be the last performance until the opening for the Fall season on the 24th of August.....The Adelphia, under its former management, closed last Saturday, for want of patronage. A benefit was tendered, on Thursday night, to C. Hartson & Co., proprietors; M. A. Griffin, stage-manager; and Prof. Poland, leader of orchestra. The company consisted of Maud De Lisle, Gussie Keating, and Lizzie Jackson, three excellent vocalists, and Ned Reed, Harry Wood, and M. A. Griffin, comedian. Opening attendance large."

THE ALI BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE of Bedouin Arabs and Novelty Congress showed at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., July 4, and are billed for Terre Haute 6, Muncie 7, Richmond 8, Peru 9, Fort Wayne 10, Kokomo 11. This party consists of the Abdallah Arabs, and Alex. Davis, Richards Peary, Nellie Steele, Marsh Adams, John Weaver, Ben Gilfoil, Chas. Armstrong, and an orchestra of 19 pieces under Prof. Bressenerg; Al. S. Lipman, business manager; and James R. Blake, advance agent.

THE RAWLINGS VARIETY COMPANY started on the road from Indianapolis, Ind., on July 3, and performed at Muncie 4, South Bluffton 6, Fort Wayne 8, Peru 9, Logansport 10, 11. The troupe comprises Carroll Rawlings, manager; John McVeigh, Hi Davis, Kate Montrose, and John Harrigan.

THE ARRIVALS at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., on June 29, were Maud Lewis, Kate Harvey, Charles Arnstein, and Hi Ford. Their engagement for the services of the latter were not required after the opening. Eunice Dunlap departed on July 1. Underlined for July 6: Blanche Selwyn, La Belle Pauline, J. E. Greene, and Miss Ida Morton.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANY is now performing at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va.: Miss Cora Cushman, serio-comic, who opened June 30; Miss Kitty Whitland, song-and-dance; Miss Kate Clare, balladist and jig dancer; Miss Clara May, vocalist and actress; Charley Saunders, song-and-dance, and comedian; and Johnny Brassell, Ethiopian comedian. Frank Gayton closed on July 3, to go to Metropolitan, Washington, D. C.

AT SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., Mlle. Fontainbleau, trapeze performer, and James Davis, with his performing dogs, were the new attractions June 29. Fontainbleau's ceiling walking is a daring act, and drew a warm encore. Davis' dogs are well up in their tricks, and were well received. The house closed July 4, to reopen Aug. 20 with an entirely new company. Lillie Howe goes to Baltimore for a rest; Den Howe to Grand Rapids; Kate Leslie is to be joined in wedlock July 6, and remains in East Saginaw. Johnny Reese goes to San Francisco, Cal.; J. Henry Clarke and wife go to Indianapolis, Ind., July 20; Harry Fox and Annie Rochfort to New York, and thence to Scranton, Pa., Aug. 3; Thomas Baugh, E flat cornetist, to Indianapolis 13th inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Albany, N. Y., was reopened on July 4 by Moses Levi, who was treasurer of the house prior to its closure in May. The following comprised the company: Annie Arnett, Sallie King, and Little Clara, Johnny Phillips (stage-manager), Lew Maguire, Tom Murphy, Fred Elkins, and George Stansille.

DAN NASH, Irish comedian and character artist, can be engaged for the Fall and Winter season. See card.

SHEFFER AND NELSON, song-and-dance artists, and Julia Bennett, dancer and soubrette, now performing at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., commence a two weeks' engagement at Oswego, N. Y., on July 13.

MLLE. AND FRED COSTELLO, gymnasts, etc., whose address is care of this office, will be at liberty after July 12.

SCHUMANN'S "PARISIAN FOLLY" will occupy the Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., July 13, 14, 15.

A TALENTED is wanted at the Alhambra Music Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. For further particulars see advertisement.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY have a card in our business department, to which the attention of managers and others is directed.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

LEW JOHNSON, manager of the Plantation Minstrels, states that ill health will compel him to remain at Hot Springs, Ark., until Aug. 20, where he can be addressed.

CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY, better known as the "Buffalo Boys," two clever song-and-dance artists, and Robert Fraser the pantomimist and comedian, were among the passengers on the steamship Pennsylvania, which sailed July 2 from Philadelphia for Liverpool.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS returned to Philadelphia June 29, reporting business as poor throughout the West.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS were at Palmyra, N. Y., June 29, 30, Newark July 1, 2, Lyons 3, 4, and are to show at Clyde 6, 7.

BREMOND & NORTON'S MINSTRELS put in the past week at Denver, Col., and are billed at Salt Lake City, Utah.

ARLINGTON, COTTON & KEMBLE'S MINSTRELS returned to Chicago, Ill., on June 28. Arlington and Ben Cotton left on June 29 to fulfill a six weeks' engagement at San Francisco. Billy Cartwright goes to St. Cloud, Minnesota, for his health. The others will remain in Chicago until the opening of the regular season.....Frank Converse has returned to New York, and Charley Harris is preparing to follow him. They will open a school for banjo scholars in New York, where Frank thinks there is more appreciation of the instrument.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are to perform at Auburn, N. Y., July 6, Ithaca 7, Owego 8, Waverly 9, Corning 10, Elmira 11, Binghampton 13, Utica 14.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS performed at Auburn, N. Y., July 4.

JOHNNY ALLEN'S MINSTRELS, who were billed for Albany, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4, failed to put in an appearance, and the house remained closed.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS appeared at Cleveland, O., June 30. They will be in Utica, N. Y., July 9, Schenectady 10, Albany 11, 13.

CIRCUSES.

CHAPIN'S CIRCUS, after traveling for some five weeks in Wisconsin and doing a bad business, returned to Warren, Ill., and reorganized. Charles Cooper bought a half-interest in the show, which is now known as Cooper & Chapin's Circus and Menagerie. The company is as follows: Joe Tinkham, pad and hurdle rider; Sig. Francois Brotherton, wire-walker, juggler, balancer, and tight-rope ascensionist, and his troupe of trained dogs; Master Charles Brotherton, aerial suspensionist; the Palmer Brothers and the Parento Brothers, acrobats and gymnasts; Mlle. Carlotta, juggler; Dot Parento, gymnast; Mattie Spears, comic vocalist; and Andy Spears and Curt Wells, clowns.

COLE'S NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibits at Elmira, N.Y., July 22, Binghamton 23, Owego 24, Corning 25, Hornellsville 27, Salamanca 28. They have a calliope, sea lions, dens of serpents and alligators, and have done a fair business in the West.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE has pulled stakes and gone to California. Mr. Queen has sent a number of small animals, including an African lion, to Lincoln Park, Chicago, to be placed on exhibition until the show returns.

WILLIAM MORGAN, who was engaged by L. B. Lent at the commencement of the season, joined Maginley & Co.'s Menagerie in Boston. He is said to be riding better than ever this season.

COLE'S DOMINION CIRCUS is to show at Peterboro, Ont., July 3.

THE LAW recently enacted in Massachusetts relating to equestrian and acrobatic performances of children under 15 years of age did not affect Maginley while in Boston, as the Mayor granted special permission for little "Dolly Varden" to ride at every performance.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S Circus and Menagerie is in Wisconsin. It exhibits at Madison on July 9 or 10, Freeport, Ll., 16.

THE CIRCUS-WRITER, as an advertiser, is mighty and must prevail. His latest exploit of prominence has been to announce that up in Wisconsin his "Mammoth Semiramisian Golden Car of Cornucopia," which means the band-wagon, ran over and killed "Black Eagle," the last chief of the once powerful Iroquois tribe of Indians. "Tidal wave of amusement," "million-dollar show," "miles of gold and glitter," "high-way holiday happy parade," "gigantic scenes of gorgeous grandeur," and "a world on wheels," are all pretty good; but the "Semiramisian" business above caps them all, and climbles up on the other side!

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS closed a six consecutive years' traveling season with the performance of July 4, at Roberts' Opera-house, Hartford, Ct., on which occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large audience were present, and were apparently well pleased with the excellent entertainment given. Their next season commences the latter part of August, at Albany or Troy, N. Y.

E. ROSENBAUM, press agent the past season for Cal. Wagner's Minstrels, is spending his vacation with "The Old Folks at Home," at Hartford, Ct. This party will reorganize and commence a traveling season on or about Sept. 1, at Syracuse, N. Y., Rosenbaum going as general agent, and Mose Engel, also of that city, as press agent.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE were at Shenandoah, Pa., July 2, Tamaqua 3, Pottsville 4, Schuylkill Haven 6, Reading 7, Tremont 8, Phœnixville 9, and Norristown 10. Chas. L. Gibbs, the leader of orchestra, advertises in our business department for a piccolo player.

MAYO'S CIRCUS exhibits in St. John, N. B., July 13, 14, 15, 16, Moncton 17, Dorchester 18, Halifax one week, commencing July 20.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is to show at Waterloo, Ill., July 6, Red Bud 7, Georgetown 8, Maressa 9, Muscontah 10, Highland 11, Greenville 13, Hillsborough 14, Nokomus 15, Taylorsville 16, Verden 17, Carlinsville 18, thence into central and southern Iowa.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS exhibits in Allegheny City, Pa., for one week, commencing July 3.

BUCKLEY'S HIPPODROME AND WORLD'S RACE CONGRESS, of which Yankee Robinson is general director, is to exhibit all this week on the lake front, foot of Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

MUCKY MCCUE, we are informed by an advertisement, was convicted of gaming in Atlanta, Ga., on July 1, and sentenced to a fine of $800, or one year's imprisonment if the fine was not paid in twenty days. Such of his friends as desire to assist him are referred to the card in our business department.

THE GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS exhibited at Hazleton, Pa., July 4.

PROF. HERMANN opened to a fair house at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., June 29, and a steady increase of business was perceptible throughout the week. From here he goes to the Boston Theatre, and thence through the watering-places under the management or C. H. Burroughs, with Charles B. Udell as agent.

HALEY & COHAN'S HIBERNIANA is to be exhibited at Providence, R. I., July 8, 9, 10, 11, with F. S. Brayton as treasurer and John Cox as agent. Miss Alice Gleason, Frank Harrison, Wally Price, Prof. F. C. Currier, and Frank Carr are also engaged in the company.

PARTIES visiting Chicago are referred to the Metropolitan Hotel card in our business department.

JIMMY MACK is requested to telegraph to Irvin T. Bush, whose address he will find in advertisement.

J. M. ROZELL, agent, treasurer or doorkeeper, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged for the season of 1874-5.

DR CASTRO the magician showed at Stevens' Point, Wis., July 1, 2, 3, 4. He opens at Warsaw 6, to remain five nights.

MOORE'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Des Moines, Ia., can be rented through the proprietor, who advertises. It is furnished with a stage and other requisites of a first-class theatre.

MASTER TOMMY FISH, child cornetist, and his father, Thos. Fish, second violinist, etc., notify managers in a card elsewhere that they will be disengaged after July 29. They also publish a number of complimentary press notices.

DRAMATIC AND FIRST-CLASS VARIETY STARS are referred to Col. Sinn's advertisement of the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

THE CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., is open for rental. See card.

ZERA'S MODERN WONDER exhibited at Waterford, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4. This week it will be at Lansingburg 6, 7, 8, Cohoes 9, 10, 11.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA AND COMEDY TROUPE were at Peshtigo, Wis., July 1, 2, and will be at Clinton, Ia., 13, 14, Moberly, Mo., 16, 17, Kansas City 18, 20, Junction City, Kas., 22, Denver City, Col., one week, opening July 24.

NO ENTERTAINMENT has been given at Bridgeport, Ct., since June 16, and none are booked to appear until the first week in September. Our correspondent is of the opinion that a good show might do well there.

LOGRENIA, magician, with his trained birds, white mice and cat, advertises that he has concluded his engagement at the Colosseum, and can be engaged for his entertainments.

WM. R. WATTS, whose card find elsewhere, writes songs, burlesques, plays, etc.

THE NATIONAL BILLPOSTERS' ASSOCIATION held their meeting in Detroit, Mich., this season, commencing July 7.

PROF. LOZARDO, magician, performed at Port Perry, Canada, June 29, Oxbridge 30, July 1, Cannington 2, Beaverton 3, 4. Route: Woodville 6, Lindsay 7, Bobaygeon 8, Fenelon Falls 9, Islay 10, 11, Cameron 13, Cambray 14. Harry Sinclair is now the advance agent.

AN AGENT with capital, desiring to take out two young vocalists and dramatic artists, is referred to Little Moore's card.

HARRY WESTON, b "business agent, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Nebraska City, Neb., having a seating capacity of eight hundred, can be rented through W. T. Canada, agent, who advertises.

BRYAN O'LYNN, formerly of McGill & Strong's Mirror of Ireland, has purchased an interest with Chas. H. Hicks, manager of Flaherty's New Mirror of Ireland. It will be known as Flaherty's New Mirror of Ireland and Bryan O'Lynn's Comedy and Specialty Company.

THE HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION closed their season at Rockland, Me., June 29, and are enjoying hunting and fishing. After two weeks' recreation they will again take to the road.

PUBLIC LIBRARY HALL, Louisville, Ky., which has recently been remodeled and refurnished, can be secured for first-class entertainments through Will S. Hays, manager, whose card find in our business department.

W. J. JUDD advertises a large collection of magical tricks for sale.

AMATEUR.

PARTIES desiring to join an amateur dramatic association in Brooklyn, N. Y., are referred to A. H. Brady's advertisement.

EARLE EMMET & WILD'S MINSTRELS, from Hartford, Ct., performed on the afternoon and evening of July 4 at Moodus, Ct.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"A CROWN FOR LOVE," a new historical drama, was first produced at the Royal Princess' Theatre, Edinburgh, Scotland, June 17, and its success is said to have been pronounced. It is in five acts, and is written in blank verse. The plot, which is founded wholly upon historical incidents during the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and between the years 1532 and 1536, embraces chiefly a sketch of the life of Anne Boleyn from the date of the King's wooing at Hevor Castle to her marriage, and subsequent brief reign as Queen, the picture terminating with her imprisonment in the Tower, her trial, and execution. With these some other incidents of a minor importance have been skillfully interwoven, but with such an index to the events depicted by the playwright as we have given it is perhaps unnecessary to follow further in detail the several movements of the drama, or to trace its development. We may, however, notice in passing the fine scene in the first act, where King Henry meets, at Calais, Belgium, the warning by old Armourer the blacksmith; his bold defiance of the King; and the splendid speech of Henry in defiance of the authority of Rome in the matter of his proposed divorce from Queen Katharine. Also the very imposing termination to the second act, where the Princess Mary, enraged and maddened to witness the joy with which Anne Boleyn receives the news of the Queen's death, curses the ambitious lady, and foreshadows the disaster that subsequently overtakes her. The third act is the vehicle for the progress of Jane Seymour's plot against the Queen; the fourth act also containing some highly dramatic scenes, including the trial of Anne for high treason and her sentence; while the fifth is noticeable for its pathetic picture of the last hours of the unhappy Queen, and the impressive tableau with which it closes, the curtain falling as she ascends the scaffold, where the executioner stands ready to perform his ghastly office.

THE WIDOW of the late Henry Rutley having resolved to give up the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, Eng., the effects were sold at auction June 15, 16.

AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES there was a continued absence of novelty of any kind, but the unusual coolness of the evenings for this season of the year had conduced to improve business at all the houses.....The revival in full run of "The School for Scandal" was terminated at the Vaudeville June 18, when the comedy was said to have been played upon that stage 413 times.....'Led Astray" is announced for production at the Gaiety Theatre on July 1. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Stuart Robson, and Miss Helen Barry will be in the cast.

FREDERICK LEHMANN, father and proprietor of *The Era*, the leading theatrical journal in England, died at his residence in London on Sunday, June 14, at the age of 58. His remains were interred at Norwood on the 20th ult.

London and Paris Gossip.

Our London correspondent Mr. Howard Paul, under date of June 22, thus writes: "The theatrical events of the week do not include the production of any particular novelty, though a few noteworthy changes have been made. Additional interest has been given to the revival of the comedietta, 'A Nice Firm,' at the Gaiety, by the engagement of Mr. Arthur Cecil, who appears in conjunction with Mr. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Fairfax, and Miss Lottie, a most successful *debut* at this theatre last week. She is not only clever, but beautiful, and her acting in the difficult part of Julia, in 'The Hunchback,' was marked by great sensibility and refinement. We have not more than four presentable clever leading ladies on the English stage, so that we are grateful for any accession to that important department of theatrical art. Boucicault tells me, for instance, that we have not in London an actress equal to Miss Clara Morris, and I doubt if we have a Fanny Davenport in the length and breadth of this blessed little United Kingdom.....At the Haymarket 'Mont Blanc' has given place to the famous sketch 'Over Land and Route,' pending the production of Mr. R. Buchanan's poetical play, founded on the adventures of Charles II after the battle of Worcester. This will be remarkably well cast, and is called 'A Madcap Prince.' The plot may be guessed from the following quotation, which will appear in the bills:

"'Powers of Heaven!
He's the incarnate imp of Belial!
His morals would corrupt a nun at Vespers!
I'm not a saint myself, and never was,
Altho' I call myself a Puritan;
But *he!* I tremble for our hearths and homes
When such as he are princes!'

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will play the leading roles, and the piece is in three acts and written in blank verse.....'The Prayer in the Storm' has reached its seventieth night at the Adelphi.....Another 'storm in a teacup' has been excited by the Lord Chamberlain complaining of the dancers at the St. James' Theatre. The Repirelle is really the irrepressible Cancan, which has now been danced at nearly every theatre in London. But as opposition in theatrical matters is generally a good advertisement, Mr. Fairlie has seized the opportunity of publishing the correspondence, and now advertises that he has put the Orpheon troupe in 'long clothes.'.....The death of Mr. F. Ledger of *The Era* newspaper is greatly regretted by the profession of the United Kingdom. Most of your readers are aware that *The Era* stands in the same relation to the dramatic world of England that THE CLIPPER does to dramatic America; and its late conductor, Mr. F. Ledger, was a great personal favorite of all ranks of the profession. He was a kindly, genial man, fond of a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and was always ready to serve a friend. I hear that he has left *The Era*, which is a valuable property, not to his son, Mr. Edward Ledger, but to his son-in-law.....I ran over to Paris last week for a couple of days, and attended the great Charity Fair, which was held in the Musard Concert room in the Champs Elysees. It was rather a village Fair, for a month of June. Cloud Fairy is an animated, so droll, so amusing, and so innocent. 'Two things,' said the King of Portugal, 'I desire to see, a Tuileries ball, and the Fete of St. Cloud.' The two principal Villageoises were the Comtesse de Pourtales and the Princess de Metternich; they had charge of the refreshments. The former was in white muslin with bronze trimming, straw hat and long bronze-colored feathers; around the neck, pearls strung on black velvet. She was very beautiful, smiling under her veil that melancholy smile which imparts such a charm to her mild and aristocratic features. The Princess de Metternich, first in point of taste in Paris, wore a blue linen costume, trimmed with white lace, an Italian straw hat, ornamented with a rolling ribbon, and a single flower; the Princess possesses an admirable figure; the manner she has of contracting her eyes imparts *finesse* to her expression, and her habit of keeping her lips firmly closed suggests decision of character, yet her voice is clear and sonorous as she jokes with her friends, biting and gracious at once, to buy her lottery tickets. The Baroness Rothschild sold cigarettes; the Countess de Mercy had rocking-horses and an Aunt Sally; the Countess de Mouchy presided at a bar, charging a louis for a glass of beer. Baron Rothschild earned for the fund the sum of two hundred francs by acting as an errand-boy in carrying the lottery prizes for a Brazilian gentleman to his carrrige. The whole affair was brilliantly entertaining.....I read in the Paris *Figaro* that some months back the municipality of Bergamo exhumed the body of Donizetti, in order to refer it from the family tomb of Pezzolis to the cemetery. It was found that a portion of the skull was missing. In fact, the surgeon intrusted with the post-mortem examination had removed it. On his death it passed into the hands of his nephew, who converted it into a money-box. The municipality have taken proceedings against him, and he has handed over the relic, which will be deposited in one of the churches."

CIRCUSES.

WELLINGTON HALL, Cheltenham, Eng., was totally destroyed by fire on the night of June 16. For two or three weeks previously it had been occupied by Newsome's Circus, and the artists' dresses and the usual paraphernalia of such a concern, with the exception of the valuable stud, which were elsewhere located, were consumed. The fire was discovered at half-past eleven o'clock, half an hour after the hall was closed, and in a few minutes the wooden structure was in a sheet of flame. The costly *entree* dresses, bridles, saddles and accoutrements were all destroyed; the band lost all their instruments and music, the cost of which amounts to about £80; Mlle. Collins the slack-wire dancer lost her dresses, worth a considerable sum of money; Little Meers and Mr. Sippell have neither "pants," "tights," "wig," nor "motley;" the gentlemen who do the bareback riding lost their sword, hats, boots and buckles; and each member of the company suffered great and in some cases irreparable loss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AMERICAN SHOWMAN sends us the following news from Panama, New Grenada, under date of June 23: "But little material offers in this country, at this season, for writing about, as the rain comes down almost incessantly. Marshall & Co.'s Royal Japanese were here recently, and played to good business, and are now doing well in Guatemala, en route to California.....Morena & Co.'s Dramatic Company are in Panama, but not playing, as there is no place for amusements. Those companies which perform here have to do so in the open air, in the ruins of some old church. They are en route for San Jose de Costa Rica.....J. W. Foster's Royal Combination, with Leona Wells as the star, did a good business here, and is now en route for Ecuador. Prof. Foster created quite a sensation in Panama by sending up an immense hot-air balloon, named in honor of the only newspaper in Central America, *The Star and Herald*, which is edited by the proprietor, Mr. James Boyd.....Signor Plantini, with his troupe of performing animals, monkeys, dogs, etc., together with dissolving views, has just arrived from Nicaragua, and is arranging to give performances here.....A fine musical concert was given on Wednesday by the celebrated Miss Filomena (a Peruvian lady), violinist; Sr. Filomena, violoncello; and Monsieur Hagen, pianist; being well attended. Señorita Filomena created quite a furor.....Prof. Marden, magician, (from the U. S.) and wife are in Bogata, doing well. They have for some time past been in South America, and are now returning to the States.....Smallpox is raging in Jamaica and St. Thomas. Health here excellent."

IN THE ANNUAL SHOOT of the Kennicott Club of Chicago, Ill., held June 26, at Dexter Park, T. W. Wilmarth, 31 yards, won the club gold medal, after shooting off a tie on ten with A. Kleinman, 36 yards; score, 9 to 3. The Buck's Head, a golden charm worth $50, was won by J. J. Kleinman, who killed ten single and ten double birds in succession. He was challenged by G. C. Sherman.

THE JAMES A. BRADY ASSOCIATION have their yearly jollification at Schuetzen Park, foot of 63d street, E. R., this (Tuesday) evening, July 7.

GOLDSMITH MAID and Judge Fullerton exhibited their speed to the Hoosiers in a trot for a purse of $5,000, mile heats, three in five, at Evansville, Ind., July 2. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Maid won. Time, 2:22½, 2:20¾, 2:21½.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.
Glorious success of the Spectacular Drama of IVANHOE,
with its beautiful Scenery, Costumes and Tableaux, continues to attract. It will be played
EVERY NIGHT DURING THE WEEK,
and
SATURDAY MATINEE at 2 o'clock.
Popular Prices.
Reserved seats, $1. Dress Circle, [1] 50c. Family Circle, 25c.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
EVENING AT 8.
The young actor,
Mr. J. P. KILBOURNE,
in Charles Foster's
NEW SENSATION OF THE
SWAMP ANGELS,
AFTERNOON AT 2.
J. P. KILBOURNE
in McCloskey's
NEW SENSATION OF
DARING DICK
THE DETECTIVE.
MONDAY, JULY 13.
MR. HARRY CLIFFORD
in McCloskey's
SENSATION OF
POMP;
or,
AWAY DOWN SOUTH.
15-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
W. B. FRELIGH.....MANAGER
COMMENCING
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 6.
DRAMATIC
AND
VARIETY WEEK.
WM. MARDEN,
GEORGE FRANCE
AND CHARLEY SHAY,
PROF. DAVIS
AND HIS TRAINED DOGS,
YOUNG AMERICA
IN HIS POSTURING ACTS,
FRANK JONES
IN HIS VARIETY ACTS,
CHARLEY SHAY, THE NECROMANCER,
FRANK GIBBONS, AERIAL KING,
TWO FARCES,
HOUSE DOG, AND MY FELLOW CLERK. 15-1t

COLOSSEUM.
SUMMER SEASON. ADMISSION 50c. NO EXTRAS.
On and after MONDAY, July 6, open from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M., the great Cyclorama representation of
LONDON BY DAY.
A view may be obtained, from the Observatory of the Colosseum, of NEW YORK BY DAY and NEW YORK BY NIGHT. Keating's Band and Lubin's Imperial Marionettes. Coolest place in the city; ventilated by the monster air pump. 15-1t

FASHIONABLE
SUMMER RESORT
in the
METROPOLIS.
DERBY DERBY WEEK. DERBY WEEK. WEEK
DERBY DERBY WEEK. DERBY WEEK. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY P. T. BARNUM'S WEEK
DERBY GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY GALA WEEK! WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY Grand culmination of all the numerous WEEK
DERBY interesting features for the present week. WEEK
DERBY All the principal riders and race horses to WEEK
DERBY appear. American runners vs. English WEEK
DERBY thoroughbreds. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY Novel and exciting Pony Flat Races, with WEEK
DERBY Lilliputian Jockeys. Thrilling Hurdle WEEK
DERBY Races by the leading ladies of the Hippo- WEEK
DERBY drome. Roman Chariot and Standing WEEK
DERBY Races with Arabian horses. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY Reappearance of Miss MATTIE LEWIS, WEEK
DERBY the daring young charioteer, and the beau- WEEK
DERBY tiful Miss ALICE CONTRERARA, the WEEK
DERBY dashing hurdle rider, who will appear in WEEK
DERBY their respective races afternoon and even- WEEK
DERBY ing. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY The great novel and instructive enter- WEEK
DERBY tainment as seen in the numerous trained WEEK
DERBY animals—the Elephant races, Camel races, WEEK
DERBY Pony races, and Monkey races given in WEEK
DERBY full at each exhibition. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY Mlle. VICTORIA, AERIAL QUEEN, re- WEEK
DERBY ceived afternoon and evening with un- WEEK
DERBY bounded applause, concluding her engage- WEEK
DERBY ment, one mid-air performances with the daring WEEK
DERBY ride upon the VELOCIPEDE. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY GRAND MENAGERIE of 500 rare Wild WEEK
DERBY Beasts open daily at 1:30 and 7 P. M. WEEK
DERBY GRAND CONGRESS OF NATIONS, in- WEEK
DERBY troducing 1,500 men, women and children, WEEK
DERBY moves promptly at 2:30 and 8 o'clock. WEEK
DERBY Box office open three days in advance. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY LETTER CARRIERS' WALK. WEEK
DERBY The series of walking matches by the WEEK
DERBY Letter Carriers of New York and adjacent WEEK
DERBY cities, will commence this evening, WEEK
DERBY 6. Monday, July 13, the winners of the WEEK
DERBY first prizes in the six consecutive walks WEEK
DERBY will compete for the Championship and a WEEK
DERBY Diamond Medal. WEEK
DERBY WEEK
DERBY DERBY WEEK. DERBY WEEK. WEEK
DERBY DERBY WEEK. DERBY WEEK. WEEK

A CARD.
BROOKLYN, JULY 3, 1874.
DEAR SIR.—As Mr. Eberle was foolish enough to again bring into publicity a matter, which, for his sake, is better kept dark, I am compelled to contradict his statement. The Philadelphia correspondent is
NOT IN ERROR.
Mr. Eberle DID confess to me the loss of scenes from my play of BEN MCCULLOUGH, and when I witnessed it it was three acts almost verbatim, simply an alteration of names. He does deny copying it from manuscript, but admits doing so from memory, which I deem an impossibility. In either case it is still a wrong to me. He did not send me MSS. and parts for my perusal.
I DEMANDED
THEIR RETURN AS MY RIGHT.
I would advise Mr. Eberle to remain silent in the future, and prevent further discussions. Yours, truly,
15-1t OLIVER D. BYRON.

TONY PASTOR'S
OPERA-HOUSE,
201 BOWERY,
GRAND REOPENING
MONDAY, JULY 6, 1874.
The management take pleasure in announcing that they have, at great expense, engaged the
MADAME RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS,
who will give the same magnificent entertainment as lately produced by them at the Olympic Theatre. Also the famous MLLE. MARIE DE LACOUR'S TROUPE OF PARISIAN CANCAN DANCERS, their first appearance in America
40 GLADY MINSTRELS.
20 LADY DANCERS.
The whole forming an unprecedented Melange of Loveliness, Wit and Skill. 15-1t

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THE GREAT DIALECT COMEDIAN,
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$100 dollars required as security.
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CHARLES MELVILLE
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PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC.
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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.
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in their great success, CHRIS AND LENA, and also a NEW DRAMA by a well-known author, and MR. W. A. MESTAYER in ON THE SLOPE AT FRISCO, THE ODD TRICK and THE NEILSON FEVER, and several other new plays.
For time and terms for either of the above desirable stars, address LUCIEN BARNES, Manager,
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LITTLE DORRIT
(aged six), Child Wonder, and
MR. AND MRS. J. B. ASHTON,
can be engaged for Summer season. Repertoire: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Rip Van Winkle," etc. "Little Dorrit," pronounced by press and public of Baltimore and Washington the best Eva seen. Address
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TO SUPPORT THE GILBERT SISTERS,
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Leading Man, Juvenile Man, First Old Man, Property Man, to play small parts (all to play in farces if required). Leader of Band (would like to hear from E. S. Bergan), Second Violinist, Bass-player. All to double in Band and Orchestra, and to march. Good people wanted. Reasonable salaries paid. This is our SEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR and we don't owe a dollar to any member of the profession. For full particulars address J. V. GILBERT,
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The season of 1874 and '75 will open on or about September 1. First-class Dramatic Stars, Operas, Combinations, Stock Artists, will please address as below. Consider silence a negative. Will play combinations or rent during June, July and August, on reasonable terms.
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SCENIC ARTIST,
Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Indiana (season of 1872-3 at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago), holds himself in readiness to stock with theatrical scenery, theatres, halls, etc. Address after April 15 care J. H. ROGERS,
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MAGIC-LANTERNS & SLIDES
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Refitted and refurnished. Stage enlarged, and supplied with a complete set of new scenery on flats, the best in the anthracite coal regions. Walls decorated. Seating capacity, 600. For dates and terms address H. S. BONER, Ashland, Pa. 5-26t*

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For terms and dates, address MANAGER,
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This theatre has been leased by the Shakespeare Club of New Orleans for a term of years, and is now offered to an enterprising and responsible manager for the coming theatrical season, or to managers of traveling companies, combinations, first-class minstrel troupes, etc., by the month, week or night, on the most liberal terms. The theatre has been completely remodeled internally; has a parquet and parquet circle, and three tiers, with a seating capacity of 1,350; it has the most elegant, correct and complete wardrobe of any theatre in the city, a full complement of scenery, properties, etc., all of which have been but little used. Propositions for the rental of the establishment will be received to June 1, 1874. Address to
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is now prepared to negotiate for next season,
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AT FORT WAYNE, IND.,
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Would like to hear from Chas. Keller, or some other good pianist. 12-4t

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Companies booked for any date after Sept. 1. This is one of the best show towns in the country.
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Post-free on receipt of price: Muldoon the Solid Man, I Should Like to, I'm what you call a Military Man. Aint you Awful, and I'll Meet You on Broadway. Send stamp for catalogue. [13-4f] HARDING'S Office, 288 Bowery, N. Y.

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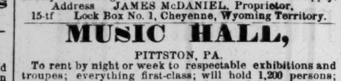

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